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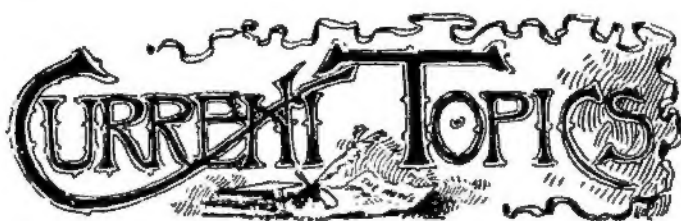
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"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

24th OCTOBER, 1891.



The Civil Service and the Militia.

We cordially endorse the strong ground taken by the *Ottawa Journal* in protesting against the rule which forces a member of the Civil Service to sever his connection with the militia on his attaining to the higher commissioned ranks. The ground taken by the Government is that military duties are apt to conflict with those of his office; but this view cannot be considered a logical one, and is also at variance with both Canadian and English precedent. If a business house with longer and more varied hours than those enforced by the Departments can permit its employees to serve their country in the militia, how much more should the Government do its utmost to encourage and help the service. More than this—instead of throwing obstacles in their way, the Government should set a patriotic example, revive the old Civil Service Corps, and make it the rule that each male employee on entering on official duties, become a member of the battalion and serve the regulation three years, unless physically disqualified. A splendid regiment could be formed from the Departments; it would give many young men a new and useful interest and possibly keep them out of mischief. The public service need not suffer one iota by military duty in such a corps. In London, at least three strong battalions are formed solely from Government employees; in Canada, with a militia force infinitely weaker than that of England, and possessing the merest skeleton of a standing army, the need is far greater for every measure of assistance that our government can afford to give.

England's New Route to the East.

It seems to be a settled fact that a large body of Royal Marines and sailors are to be moved from Victoria to Halifax and *vice versa* over the Canadian Pacific Railway in a few weeks. This will be a most important step in Imperial relations, as the first occasion when any considerable body of the regular forces destined for the Pacific station is taken over Canadian territory. The movement can hardly fail to be a success, and as such, will in all probability become the permanent military highway to the East,—a *desideratum* long anticipated but never yet realized. The benefits that will result from this are enormous, both to Canadian and

Imperial interests—the C.P.R. being essentially a Canadian road, manned almost exclusively by our own people and with its vast expenditure of money circulating chiefly in the Dominion. To Imperial interests in time of war, the material advantages of this route will be incalculable—in peace of great value. There is little reason to doubt that not only would the Victoria and Hong Kong garrison and naval reliefs be fed by our route, but that the bulk of the supplies for India itself would come this way; and in case of any European complication communication between England and her eastern possessions would naturally come solely by this safe and speedy channel, thus freeing the Mediterranean fleet from all cares of transports. Governments are slow to change and usually act only after careful experiment; but when they do move, the interests transferred are enormous; and the private patronage that invariably attends an official route is proportionately very great. One warning may not be out of place. The withdrawal of the Guards and other regiments from the Montreal garrison in 1864 was materially hastened by the greed of contractors and proprietors of the buildings rented to the Crown for barracks; people who took advantage of Britain's prompt action in our defence, and charged the military authorities excessive prices for everything. John Bull does not like being swindled, and soon punished the city by taking away regiments whose officers were proverbial for wealth and lavish expenditure. In the coming transfer across the Continent, it is to be hoped that the expenses will be made as moderate as possible, as this would undoubtedly aid in establishing the permanent military use of the Canadian route.

Quebec's Disgrace.

The evidence adduced before the Senate in the Baie des Chaleurs case is before us, and its perusal is not calculated to imbue the people of this Province with much respect for its present government; but it is bright and inspiring compared with the disclosures that have been made before the Royal Commission—disclosures so damning as scarcely to admit of the possibility of any evidence in rebuttal. The extraordinary lapses of memory which have afflicted the Minister of Public Works on recent events of acknowledged great importance, indicate the necessity of his following the example of the late Dominion Minister with same portfolio and making way for a man of more lasting mental powers. All the evidence goes to show that HON. MR. MERCIER has been assuming a false position. He has been posing as the stage manager for many months, and lo! MR. PACAUD now appears to have been the real director, and to have worked the puppets as he pleased. In the light of authority the position that matters have assumed is decidedly humiliating for the First Minister and his cabinet. In the light of public opinion the blackest page in the history of the Province has been laid bare; and any man who cares for honest government should, when the time comes, strain every nerve to give us an administration run on principles of integrity and honour. Politics have nothing to do with it; in other Provinces we see governments professing the same party creed against whose members little or nothing has ever been proven impugning their honesty. It is a fortunate thing for the people of this Province that it has a Lieutenant-Governor who, acting on his undoubted constitutional rights, has had the courage to act independently and in the best interests of the country

at large; not only is Quebec's reputation at stake in this matter, but that of the whole of Canada is more or less involved, in view of the important position this Province occupies in the Confederation; while by readers abroad, especially in view of the recent Ottawa exposures, no nice discrimination between the Provincial and Dominion Governments will be made.

To Our Subscribers.

Orders for our Christmas Number are now coming in freely; as the edition will be a limited one, we would recommend our friends to send in their orders without delay, and thus ensure prompt delivery.

Literary and Personal Notes.

The oldest Indian written book has been discovered by an Indian officer in the ruins of a buried city near Kashgar, Central Asia. Its date is the fifth or sixth century of our era, and it is written on birch bark leaves by a Buddhist monk, who has described the medicines known to him, and also noted down some Sanscrit proverbs, prayers and charms. Clarified butter is one of the medicines given as valuable.

A new edition of the Waverly novels is in preparation which promises to be of unusual interest. It is to be edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, who is having access to all the MS. and other material now at Abbotsford. The work will be issued in 48 crown 8vo. volumes, and will be illustrated with about 300 new etchings illustrating the scenes and characters of the tales.

It is a sign of the increase of bibliophiles in the United States, that Messrs. Duprat & Co., of New York, announce the first of a series of descriptions of the private libraries in the United States, beginning with a monograph on "Four Private Libraries in New York," by M. H. Pene du Bois. A series of illustrations of the bindings will be given and the work will be printed by Mr. De Vinne, the printer of the Grolier Club.

Apropos of Sir Walter, a very pleasant personal reminiscence of the great novelist is given in a recent work by Dr. Hedderwick, an old-time Glasgow journalist. He had occasion to visit the Court of Session, Edinburgh, where Scott sat as one of the clerks. He was attired in a black dress suit, with white cravat, and looked remarkably like a country clergyman. His voice had a soft, lowland burr, pleasant to hear, and at each step he bent over his stick pressing it close to his right side; his lameness was very apparent, but his bearing was lofty and imposing. All along the High street, the North bridge and Princess street he was observed with kindly reverence by all.

The same writer tells of an extraordinary resemblance between Thackeray and a Mr. Carruthers, editor of an *Inverness* paper. He says that on one occasion

"Carruthers told me that he found Thackeray somewhat indisposed. Yet he had to lecture that night, much to his annoyance. As the hour approached he became more and more reluctant to leave his fireside; and at length he proposed that Carruthers should take his manuscript, boldly make his bow to the audience, and read the lecture in his stead, without explanation or authority. He did not think the audience would discover the difference. But a more definite proof of the likeness existing between the two gentlemen may be stated. Mr. Thackeray, hearing that Dr. Carruthers was in town, called and asked for him at his lodgings, whereupon the servant-maid burst into a fit of laughter. The Doctor had just gone out, and here was he back, as she thought, gravely enquiring for himself."

The death of the Hon. W. H. Smith has naturally received most attention on political grounds; but the details of his connection with the dissemination of literature are not without interest. He instilled a new life into his father's business, and for many years devoted his energies exclusively to its advancement. He worked behind the counter for a long time, and used to rise early enough to superintend the despatch of papers by the early morning trains. In 1849 his firm purchased all the bookstalls on the line of the London and North-Western Railway, which added vastly to their operations; in 1860 they opened a circulating library, and since then have spread their business in every direction. The chief premises in London have just been doubled in size—an addition Mr. Smith was never able to visit owing to his long-continued illness.



THE NEW MONTREAL HARBOUR DREDGER.

The extensive work of remodelling and enlarging the Harbour of Montreal and protecting the city from winter floods, recently determined upon, requires important additions to the Harbour Commissioners' working plant. The first item is the powerful dipper dredger illustrated on page 389. The dredger is adapted to working in depths to 41½ feet, and in the hard pan and limestone shale, as well as in the softer materials met with in the bottom of the harbour. The hull is 90 feet by 36 feet by 9½ feet overall, and is fitted with two spuds, or anchor posts, 3 feet square by 60 feet long, and one of 2 feet square and the same length. In order to avoid the weight and wear of chain and multiplying blocks, the bucket is worked by a single purchase wire rope, leading direct to the machinery, which is therefore of unusual strength and double geared. The main drum for receiving the rope is made conical in order to give the buckets ample power while cutting, and high speed when merely lifting. The drum is driven by double frictions, which are controlled by a steam compressor. The main engines are double, with cylinders 16 inches diameter and 18 inches stroke. A pair of engines swing the boom, and another pair work the backing chain and the four deck winches. The dipper handle is held by a steam friction which with the swinging and backing movements are worked from the cranesman's platform. The forward spuds are worked by steel copes and powerful gearing driven by the main engines. The after spud is a walking one, and is made to take its step forward and backward by a steam cylinder. The boom is of steel, and is 50 feet in length. The bucket is 4¼ yards net capacity, and of steel rope which works it is 2½ inches in diameter, and of 200 tons breaking strength. The working rate in dredging of ordinary hardness and to 35 feet in depth averages a bucket a minute. The dredger was designed by Mr. Kennedy, the Chief Engineer of the Harbour Commission; the hull and part of the machinery were built by the Commissioners' own men; the engines and main machinery by the Bucyrus S.S. & Dredge Co., and the boiler by Mr. Brush, of Montreal. The Commissioners are further increasing their plant by the addition of a second dredger of the same type, just commenced by Messrs. Carrier, Laine & Co., of Lévis, and also three floating and two land derricks by Mr. McDougall, of Montreal. The engraving of this dredge is from a photograph taken by Mr. J. M. Nelson, Assistant Engineer.

THE HAMILTON S. P. C. A.

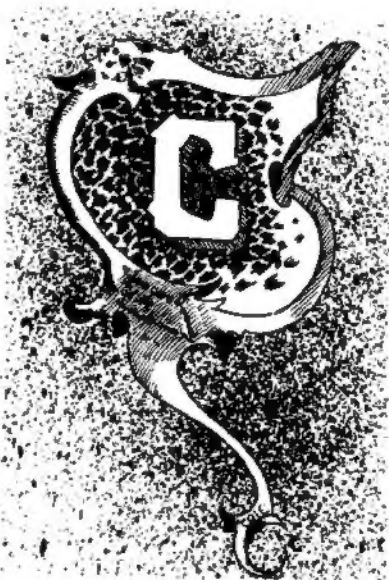
The Hamilton Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was established in April, 1887, and since that time has been active and productive of great good in the direction of kindness to animals. They have an executive committee of prominent people, together with a president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer. Mr. Adam Brown, ex-M.P., is president, Mr. Charles Black, vice-president, and Major Henry MacLaren, secretary-treasurer. The society has an inspector, whose duty is to keep a watch on all cases of cruelty, warn the parties, and, where warnings are unheeded, summon them before the magistrate. It is somewhat remarkable how much the influence of the society has been felt, in the lessening of cases of cruelty in Hamilton and neighbourhood. In addition to their many methods of endeavouring to inculcate kindness to God's dumb creatures, they offer prizes annually for the best cared for cab and cart horses. The competition for 1891 was held in Hamilton on 14th September last, and was attended by a large gathering. We give a view of the prize cab teams. The officers of the society, members for the city, judges in the competition, are in the foreground. We are unable in this issue to show the view of the prize cart horses, but their condition showed clearly, as in the case of the cab horses, that their owners were kind-hearted men, and took care of the animals who did so much for them. This is a practical way of teaching kindness to animals, and well worthy of imitation by other societies. The photograph is by Cochrane, of Hamilton.

MR. J. ISRAEL TARTE, M.P.

Mr. J. Israel Tarte, M.P. for Montmorency, to whose persistent determination is due the revelations in connection with the McGreevy affair in parliament, was born at Lanoraie, Berthier County, P.Q., in 1849. He received

his education at the College of L'Assomption. He studied law and practised as a notary for two years. With a decided taste for journalistic pursuits he abandoned his former profession, and since 1874 has been editor of *Le Canadien*. Mr. Tarte is thoroughly versed in the provincial politics of Quebec, and, apart from the knowledge a journalist invariably gains, he sat in the Legislature for four years—1887 to the end of 1891—as member for Bonaventure. He retired to enter the wider field of Federal politics, and was returned to parliament at the last general election. In politics he is a Conservative.

PAPER CHATS.



COME and let us talk about sermons. There are sermons and sermons. Sometimes I think the preachers might save their time and their lungs and yet give far greater satisfaction. There is one point which but few clergymen seem to have studied, viz., the ability to put into few words a large amount of matter. I listened lately to two sermons which brought these reflections very vividly to my mind,—they being so diametrically opposite. A young clergyman, just commencing his work, took a very short text, and from that text—its chief point—a virtue all should aim to attain. He preached for perhaps fifteen minutes, and in that time managed to make his meaning perfectly plain. He took no impossible standards, but just pictured every day life, and the various modes of practising that particular virtue. He wasted no words—using no "vain repetitions." I came across many of the congregation afterwards, and all were satisfied. As for me—who had listened to myriad sermons, dull and brilliant—I felt that I had listened to something different—something refreshing. No astounding eloquence—no straining after effect, but a good, honest discourse which all could readily understand. I hope this young clergyman will continue as he has begun. He will thus do much good, besides saving himself from looking down upon a congregation which would oftentimes resemble a yawning gulf were it not for the usages of church etiquette!

Now here is another sermon I heard, and it was preached by a really learned man, of high attainments and deep research. He took a well worn text—perhaps the one more descanted upon than any other. Well, he literally chased this text up and down, in and out, round and round! He recited it—then got himself tangled up in it—caught at it again. Sometimes he seemed to have really settled down to say something connected about it—then apparently lost sight of it again, and so again recited it until it almost gave me "pins and needles" (we all know that old malady?) to sit and listen to him. My received impression was that he had not the subject well in his own mind, and thus had to repeat the text over and over in order to fix it there! After a long chase he came back to just where he started, and the only point which I and several others gathered was that it is rather the best thing to be a little wicked (sometimes a great deal) because it brings so many benefits when one turns about (tired of being naughty) and gets good again! When this sermon was at last finished there was a look of relief on many faces (I'm sure there must have been on mine) and an elastic swish of jumping up from seats, which was eminently suggestive.

I have often pondered upon sermons, but listening to these two—so lately—my ponderings seemed to gain a fresh impetus. Why do not those who are studying for the church more often cultivate a clear and direct style, and preach oftener upon some special characteristic, some practical virtue which we need in our daily lives, instead of so much (attempted) expounding of texts which—I hope I may be pardoned for saying—I don't think many clergymen exactly know themselves? It is all very well for some of the older generation to say, "You should remember you

are at church, and not allow yourself to get sleepy and cavil at the style, &c., &c." Enquiring minds will not submit to this. No great oratory is needed. It would be hard indeed if the church were to be deprived of earnest and useful workers because the gift of a charmed eloquence was not in them, but I firmly believe that if a good man of fair average ability thoroughly knows his theme and what he wants to say about it, and then endeavours to clothe it in few words—but all to the point—he will command the attention and respect of his congregation. The churches are largely composed of the ignorant and thoughtless, and also of those whose time is much occupied. There are but few who are able to follow out the intricate doctrinal questions so often propounded in the pulpit. What is wanted by the majority is something to guide—something to rest upon.

I have in this paper alluded to the average sermon. I have frequently listened to a sermon over an hour long with no feeling of weariness, but why? The preacher was of exceptional eloquence and could keep his hearers' attention for longer yet if he so willed. I have observed, too, that even these gifted preachers confine themselves more usually to some familiar, understandable text treating of a special virtue to be daily practised, rather than to one with a deep and hidden sea of meaning into which so many hopelessly immerse themselves, dragging their hearers with them.

F. J. M.



OLD SUN-DIAL IN BARRACK-SQUARE, FORT LENNOX, ISLE-AUX-NOIX.

The Exiled Acadians.

Nearly everyone has placed the site of the old Acadian village of Grand Pre and Basil's blacksmith-shop nearly opposite to Long Island. About two miles west of modern Grand Pre Mr. W. C. Archibald, while cutting away a dry sandy knoll, came suddenly, evidently, upon the remains of what was supposed to be an old blacksmith shop. The land is alluvial, and there was at least four feet of soil over it, which must have taken many years to be deposited there. The hill is of sand, but the floor is of clay, beaten so hard that Mr. Archibald had to loosen it with a plow before the scoop would fill. There were also two cart-loads of foundation stones, slate and granite, some of which were very heavy, weighing about 150 lbs. Mr. Archibald has also in his possession several pieces of charcoal which were found on the site. Some twelve years ago, while excavating about two rods from this place, Mr. Archibald came upon the foundation of a house, near which was a heap of slag, such as will be found near a forge. From this it seems that a blacksmith lived here and that this was the central part of the village west of Grand Pre. — *Wolfville Acadian*.

Lower Canadian Manor Houses.

ERRATUM.

By an unfortunate mistake a wrong title was given to engraving of Manor House shown on page 395. Instead of "Pointe Platon," it should read, "Deschambault Manor."

The Tryst.

Fair Lady, I have watched thee now for years,
 Taking thy stand beneath the almond tree:
 When twilight fades, and the shy moon out-pass,
 And stars shut out, then also cometh thee.
 Yes, we are chosen friends, they watch with me,
 They are so patient, and they watch so late;
 They may have lovers too, however that be,
True love can wait.

Still thou art single, wasting strength and youth
 Forgetting woman's duty, all thy friends
 Loving a shade some other's love, forsooth!
 Come drop thy vigil, fate will make amends.
 I will not slight my duty, nor life's ends,
 My chief love makes my other loves more great
 Can Love be loved too much? What me defend?
True love can wait.

But time is fleeting like the silver light,
 She fickle light, that leaves the river's breast;
 The winds are robbing blossoms of their white,
 And all now lonely is an empty nest!
 Yet time and light and bloom touch not my quest,
 I would not leave, unguarded, to its fate,
 My rose of faith, for all the world holds best,
True love can wait.

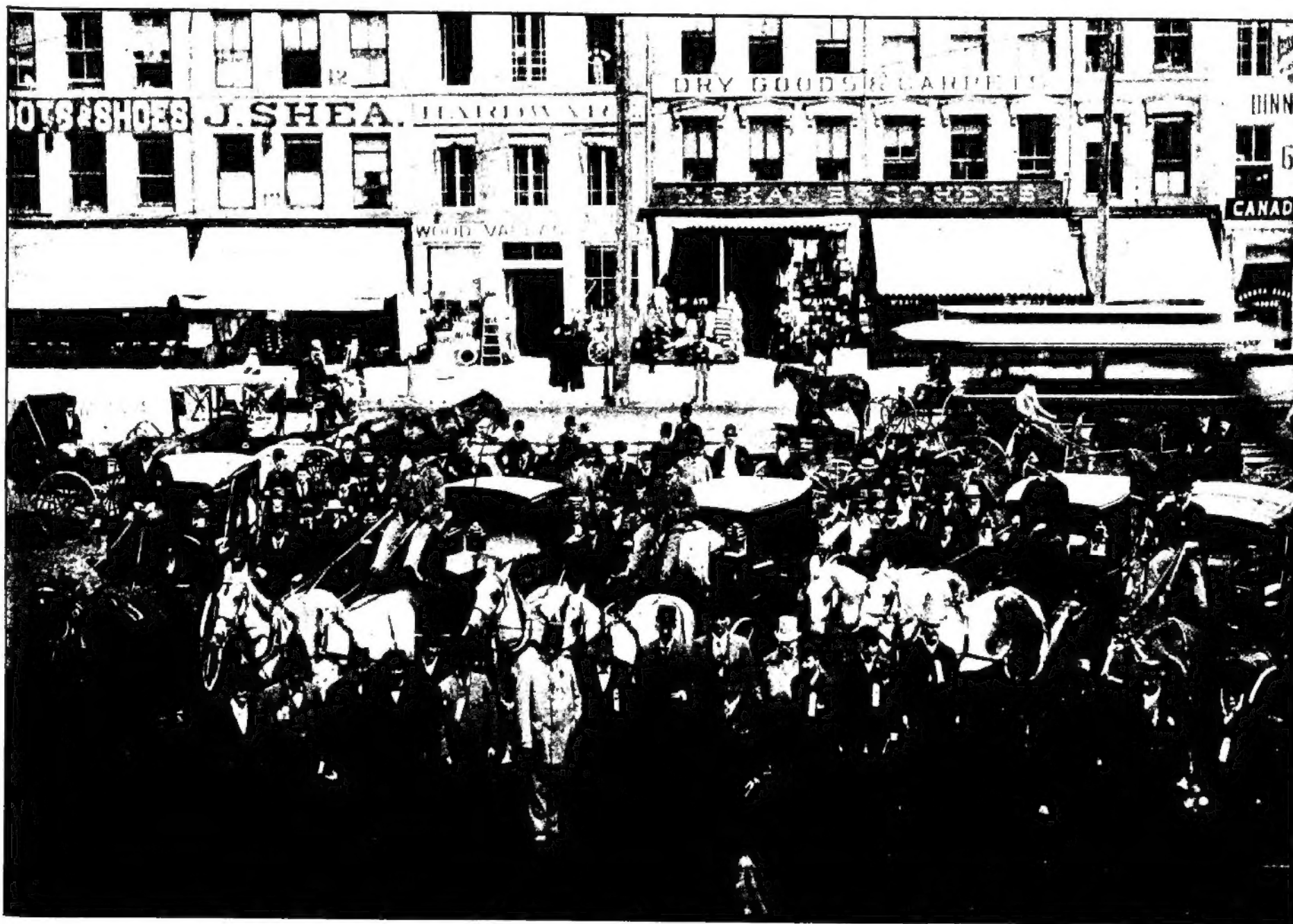


Sweet Lady! Let me seek thy dearest out,
 Such love as thine the whole dull world must know;
 Make me thy messenger and have no doubt;
 How may I know him, hast thou looks given?
 Yes, we were pledged, when sinners' sins were riven,
 With gifts of roses, by this woodland gate.
 Till night, till morn, till age, till death, till heaven,
True love can wait.

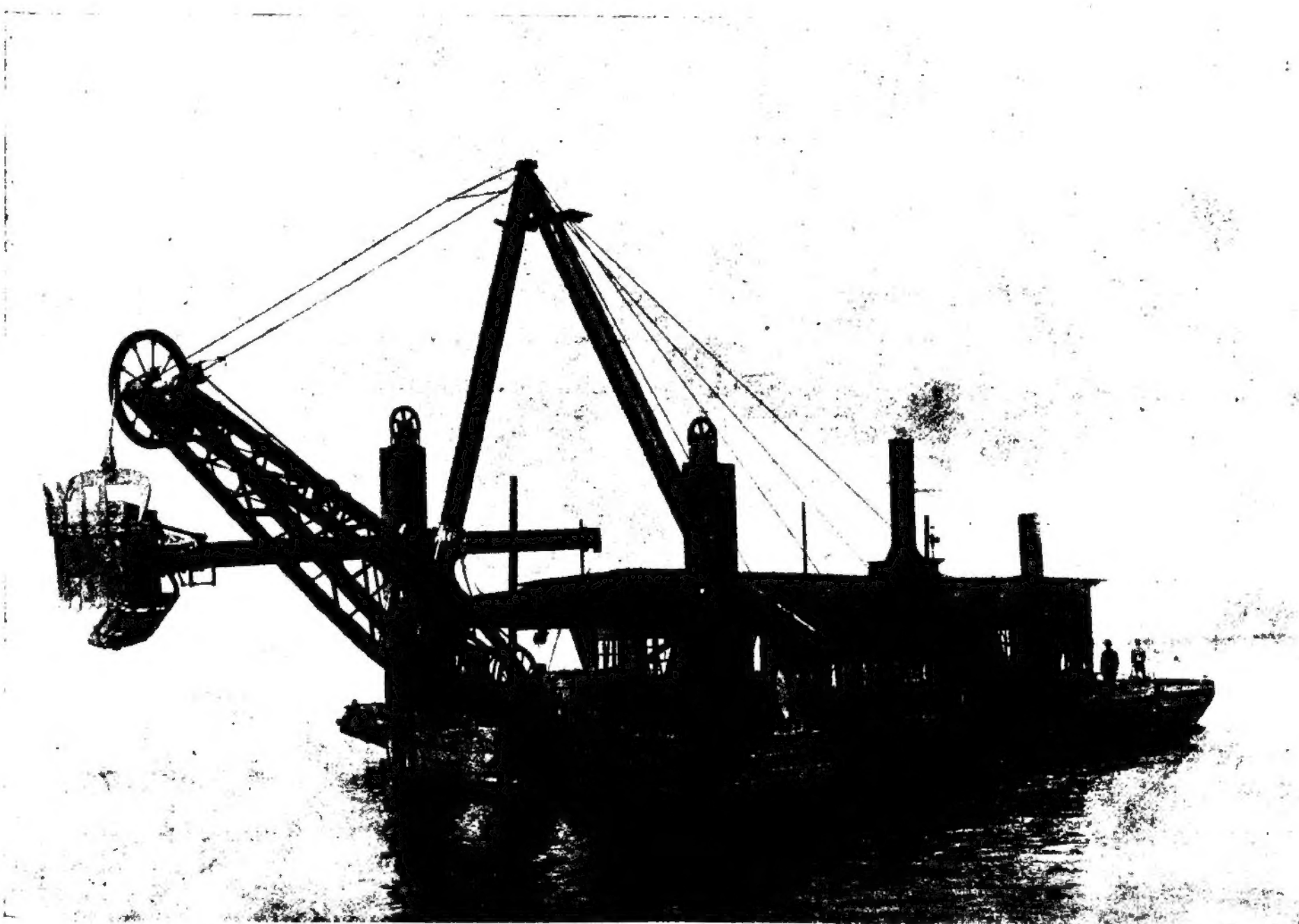
Perhaps thy lover ill deserves thy trust.
 What if another claims his mayward heart?
 What if he reads thy passion in the dust?
 Choose some one else, and quip thy play the part.
 Ah, no. For love with me is not an art!
 Nor could I leave my lover in such state;
 False lights may tempt my sailor from his chard,
True love can wait.

O Love! my boat is rocking on the tide,
 I know the light that flashed between our eyes
 So long ago, here by the riverside!
 I dost thou know me, Love, my bride, my prize?
 O Love, if I had dreamed such dear surmise,
 My kisses would have made my tongue abate!
 I write it on the gates of Paradise:
True love can wait!

Charles H. Randall.



PRIZE CAB AND CART TEAMS AT ANNUAL COMPETITION FOR BEST CARED FOR CAB AND CART HORSES, UNDER AUSPICES HAMILTON SOCIETY PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, HAMILTON, 14th SEPTEMBER, 1891.



MONTREAL'S NEW AND POWERFUL HARBOUR DREDGE.



"THANK GOD I HAVE DONE MY DUTY."

Nelson's Last Signal.

The victory of Trafalgar has rendered the 21st of October one of the most famous days in English annals. On that day, eighty-six years ago, the British fleet of 27 sail of the line and 4 frigates, attacked and signally defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets amounting to 33 sail of the line and 7 frigates; during the fight the immortal Nelson, who had laid his flag-ship the *Victory* alongside the *Santisima Trinidad* and was fighting her hand to hand, was shot and mortally wounded by a rifleman in the tops of the *Bucentaur*, which lay on his quarter. He died within three hours after being struck down; his remains were taken to England and interred with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 9th of January, 1806. In the long roll of Britain's heroes the name of Nelson ranks with that of Wellington as first in war and first in the hearts of their countrymen. His last signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," is as well known as his own name; our engraving shows what flags were used when this memorable message was flashed through the fleet on that glorious October morning.

The Homes of Old England.

A home should be "all glorious within." This is woman's eminent domain. There are houses whose internal arrangements are such as to rob them of comfort; while in others every article of furniture, chair, sofa, lounge, table, nay the very folds of the curtains welcome you and invite repose. In England, home-making is a science and art. In all the wide world there are no more sensible, restful homes than in mother England. The open grate, the snug living room, the substantial furniture, the air of ease and solid comfort are nowhere surpassed. England's homes are England's strength and glory.—From "An Old Fashioned Homily on Home," by S. R. Dennen, D.D., in *New England Magazine* for November.



General Wichcote has died, aged 97,—the last English officer who fought at Waterloo. He was born in 1794. He fagged at Rugby for Macready the actor. After serving on the Peninsula he was ordered with his regiment to New Orleans and actually sailed, but his ship was overtaken by a faster one with orders to return in preparation for the struggle of the allies. He also was at the ball at Brussels before the battle of Waterloo.

Croker said he dined and passed the evening with the Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, before his departure for Portugal. He was thoughtful and did not talk. Croker said: "Sir Arthur, what is it you are thinking about?" He said: "Of the French. I have never seen them. They have beaten all Europe. I think I shall beat them, but I can't help thinking about them."

Sir Frederick Roberts is to visit Madras, Manipur, and Burmah during his winter tour.

Sunday, the 13th inst., being the ninth anniversary of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, the colours of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, which took part in the engagement, were

decorated with laurel. The subaltern on duty with the "Queen's Guard" detachment for the day carried the colours from Chelsea Barracks to the guard-house at St. James's Palace, London.

The troopship *Tyne* arrived at Halifax from Portsmouth via Bermuda a few days ago. She brought a number of men for the Leicestershire regiment and also a draft for the engineers. Ten guns of the most approved modern pattern were also brought for the Canada, which is now at the dockyard making preparations to receive them. The *Tyne* takes away several officers who have been ordered from this station and also a number of men who have completed their term of office.

Hitherto the Guards have been exempt from provincial and foreign service, but it is learned that the war office authorities have decided that in future they must, with the other portion of the army, take their turn in this duty. This decision is believed in military circles to be another sequel to the Wellington barracks incident and other recent instances of insubordination among the troops. There were curious and interesting sights at the tower when the grenadiers, returning from exile for insubordination, landed at the scene of their former adventure in London. The vicinity was crowded with the wives, sweethearts and pals of the returning soldiers, and the greetings of the long-severed relatives and friends were in all cases demonstrative, this being the first time they have been permitted to revisit London.

The Elcho Challenge Shield, which was won by the English Eight at the Bisley meeting, was received by the Lord Mayor of London and placed on the walls of the Guildhall on October 17th.

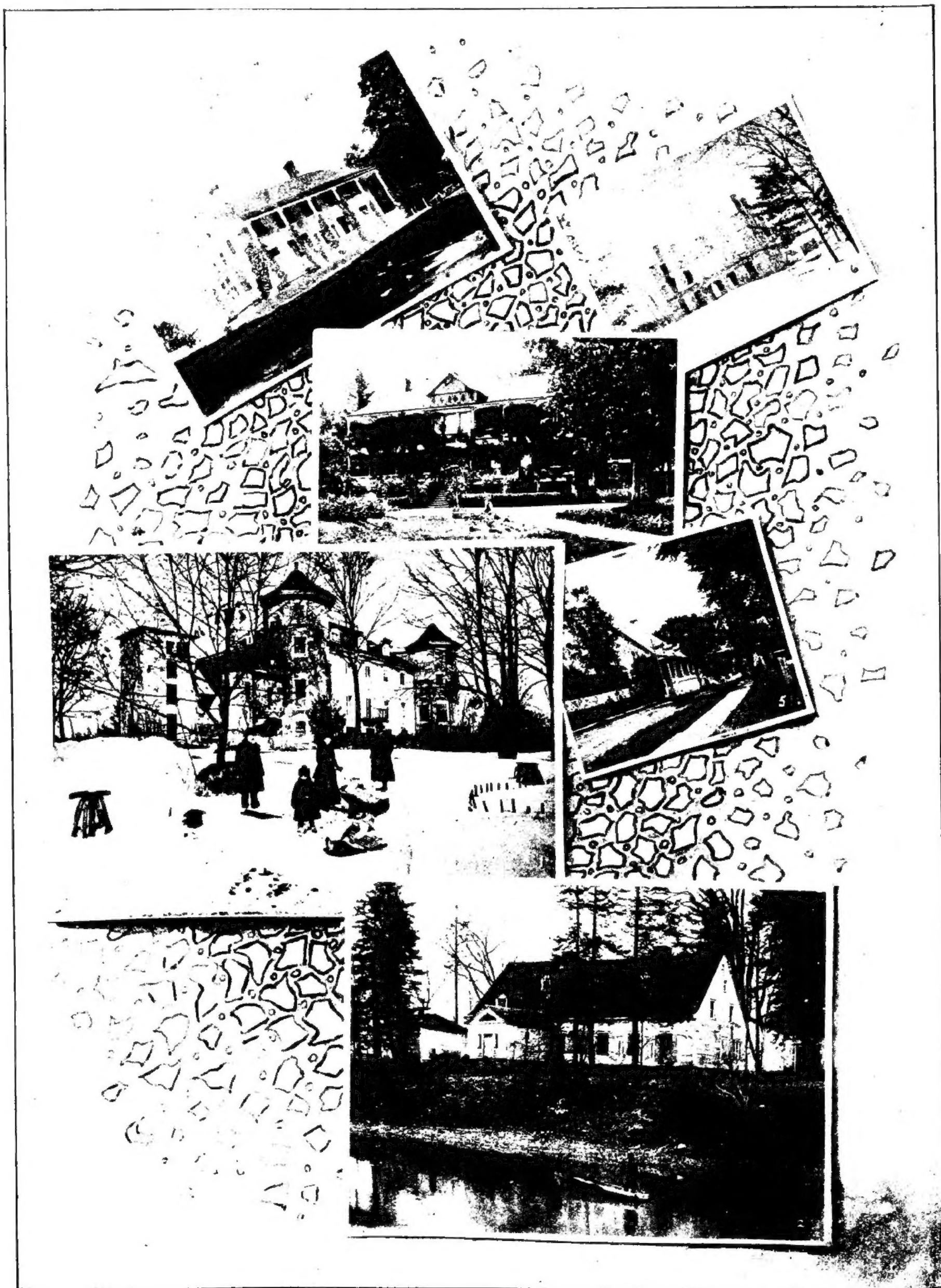
Mr. Hale White writes in the *Athenaeum*:—"Some few years ago I made a suggestion that the true history of the *Temeraire* should be affixed to the frame of the picture of the "Old *Temeraire*" in the National Gallery. Thornbury, in his "Life of Turner," confuses Turner's *Temeraire* with the original *Temeraire*, which was a French prize and was not in existence at the battle of Trafalgar. Turner's *Temeraire*, named after the French ship, was a second rate of ninety-eight guns. She was begun at Chatham in July, 1793, launched September 11th, 1798, and was at the battle of Trafalgar, where she lost forty-seven killed and seventy-six wounded. She became a prison ship in 1820, and was sold to Mr. Beatson, to be broken up, on August 16th, 1838. It was when she was being towed up the river in 1838 that Turner saw her. Being a receiving ship, it is very improbable that she would have had her old masts and spars in her, and furthermore she could not have been berthed for breaking up at Mr. Beatson's yard at Rotherhithe with heavy masts standing. It is almost certain, therefore, that she had signalling masts and light spars. This explains the slenderness of her masts and yards, which to many people has seemed to be a mistake on Turner's part. Mr. Sidney Castle, to whom I have spoken on the subject, and who inherits Mr. Beatson's business, confirms me on this last point.

Stray Notes.

Office boy (to employer):—"I've got a complaint to make, sir." Employer—"Well, what is it?" Office boy—"The cashier kicked me, sir. I don't want no cashier to kick me." Employer—"Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself."

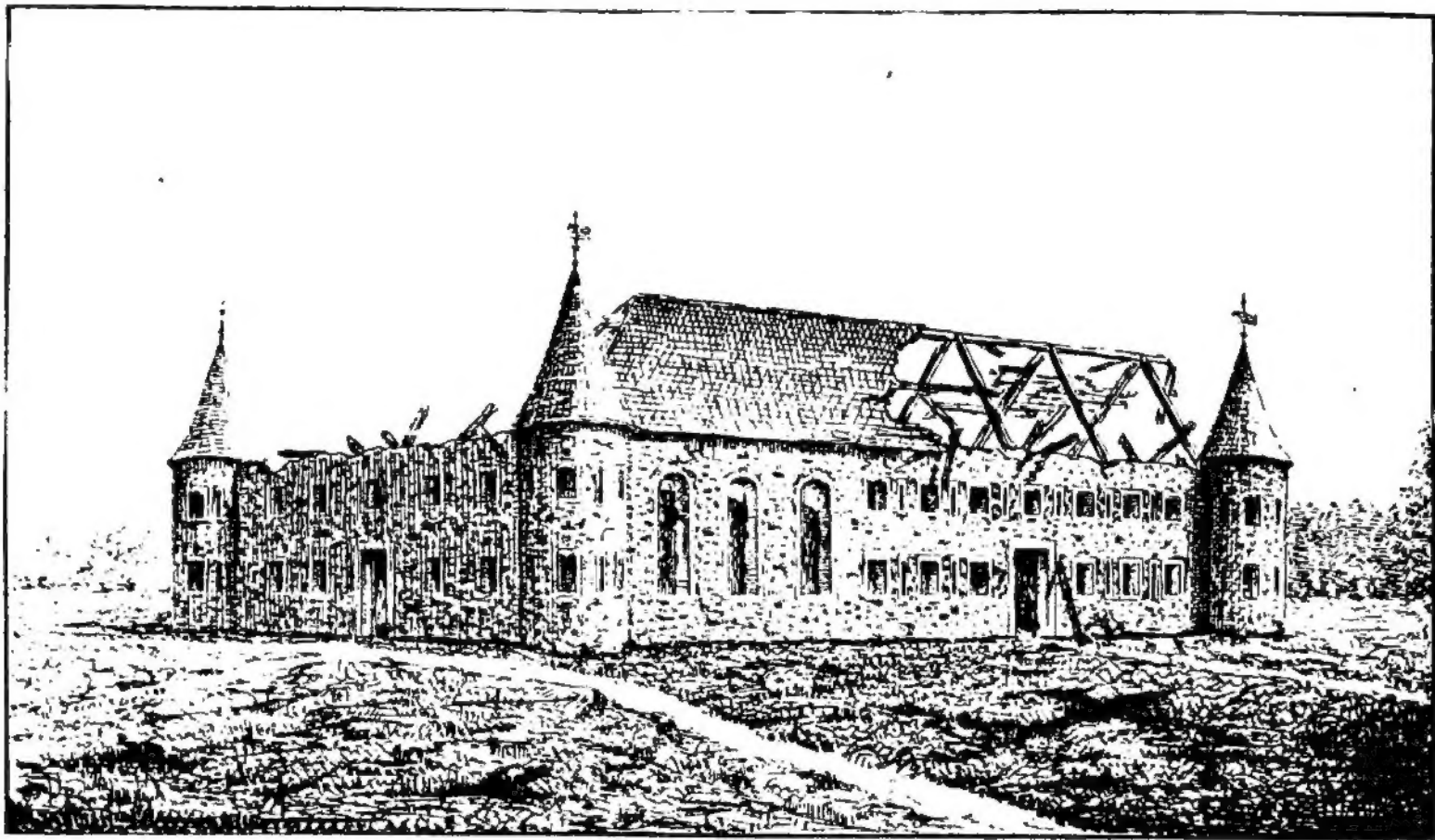
The following story was told at a recent Unionist meeting by a speaker who has lately visited Cork. He had been driven round the town by an intelligent Nationalist jarvey, who said, "Ah, we will never be at pace till we git Home Rule!" The visitor asked, "When you get Home Rule will you quiet down then?" Whereupon the jarvey replied, "Oh, bogorra, the rael fightin' will never begin till then!"

At a recent wedding, as the newly-married pair were marching down the aisle, the organist played for a recessional the well-known hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war."



1. Montebello. 2. Berthier. 3. "Rockcliff Wood" (Iracolle). 4. Joly de Lotbiniere (Pointe Platon). 5. De Bellefeuille (St. Eustache). 6. Vaudreuil (1830).

LOWER CANADIAN MANOR HOUSES.



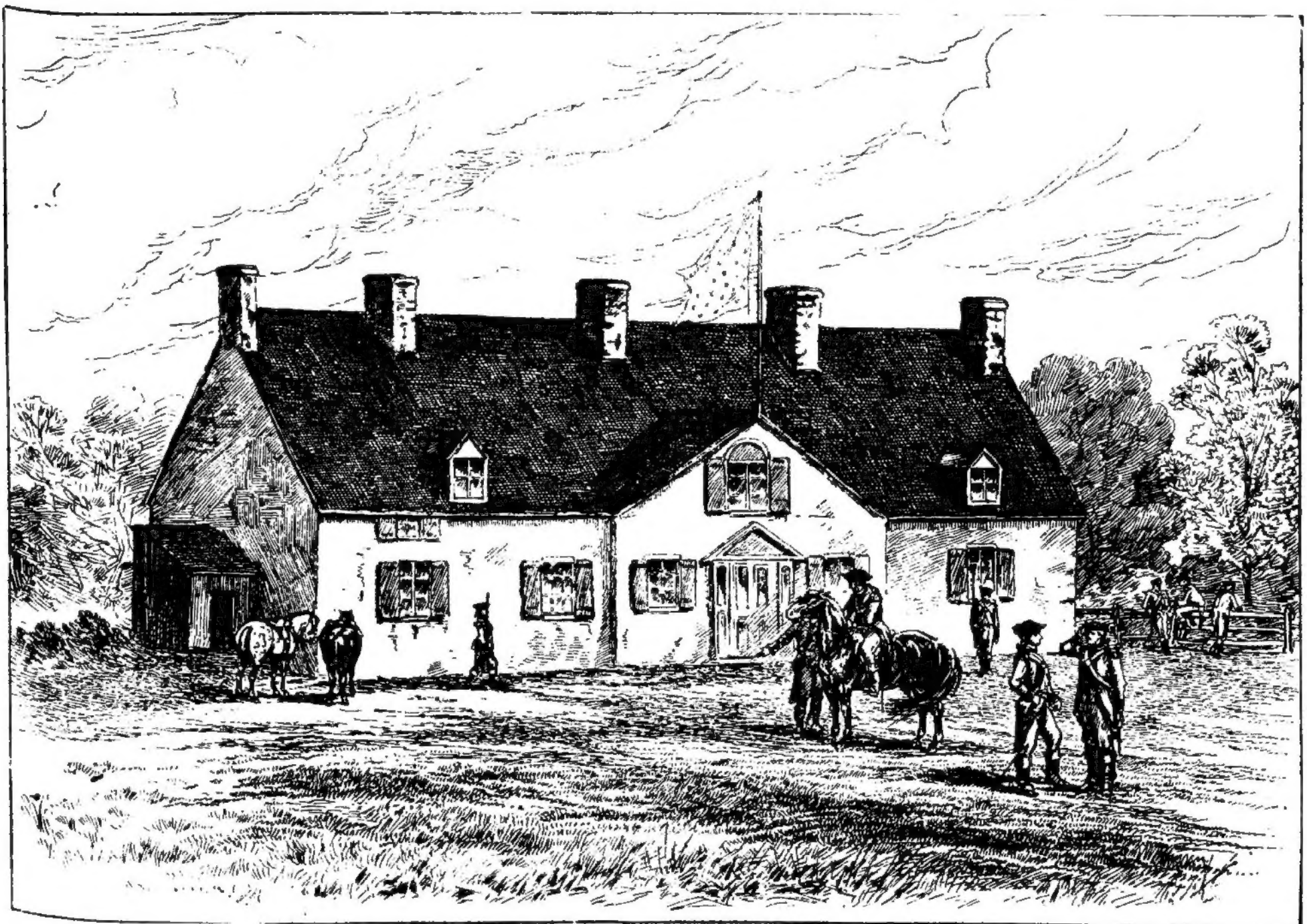
CHATEAU DE LONGUEUIL.

LOWER CANADIAN MANOR HOUSES.

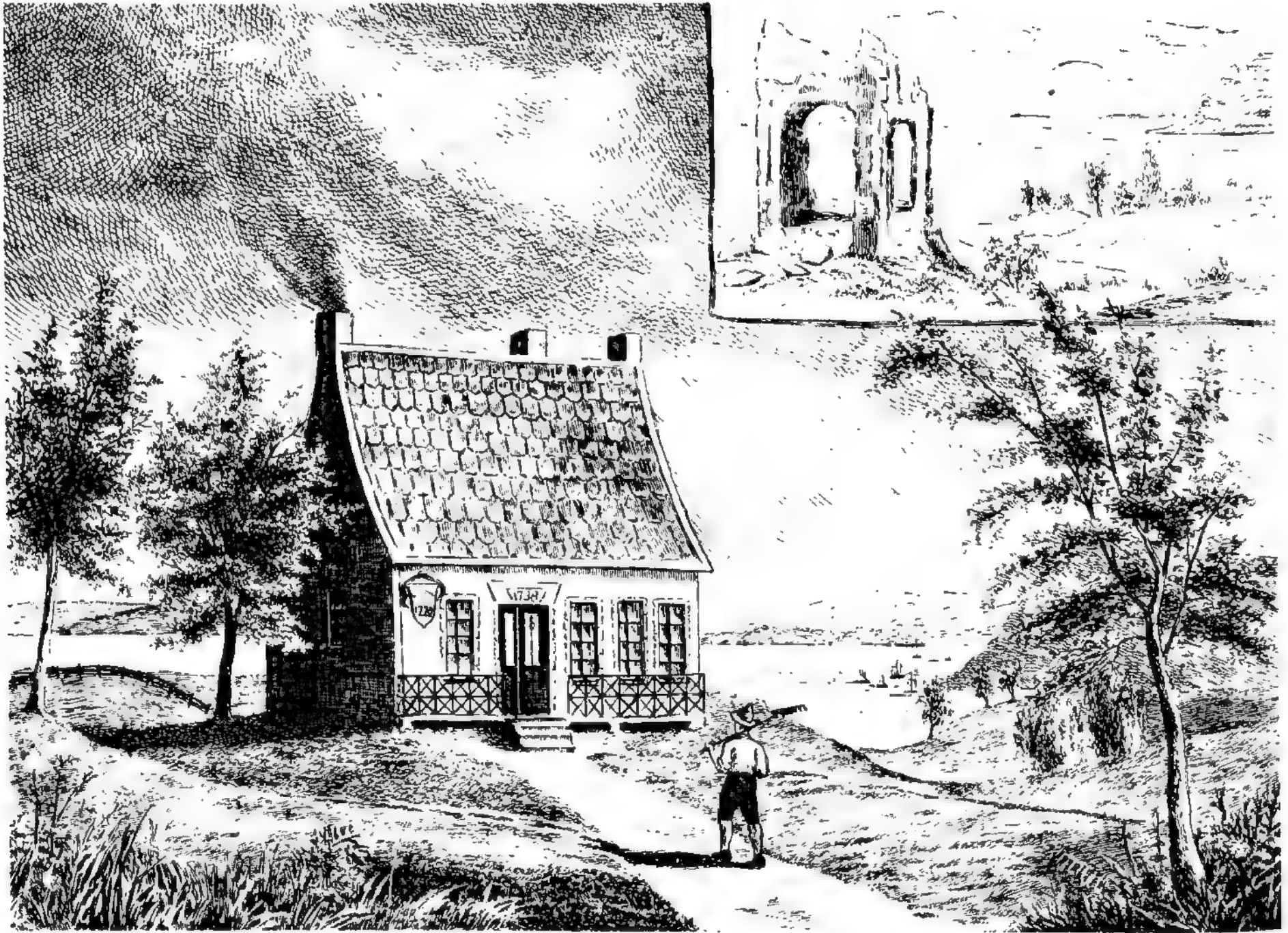
OF the feudal institutions which are passing away amongst us—of which, indeed, only shadows remain—the manor houses here and there still found in country places are almost the only relics visible to the public; a few windmills, seignorial pews, portraits and parchments certifying the remainder. The life of the olden time, and a great deal of his-

tory is in one way or another attached to or suggested by these residence of the Squire's family. They are always of interest therefore, even when comparatively modern. As, however, few people know much about them, I submit a few pictorial examples and some explanatory words on the subject as a contribution which others may possibly be led to complete.

The most interesting kind of manor house is that which bears the marks of early fortification. Its best example was the castle of the Barons of LONGUEUIL, the finest in New France, of which the cut given represents an imperfect drawing. A well known description of the castle, written just after its erection, contained in the title whereby Louis XIV. constituted its builder a Baron, is as follows:—"He has built at his own cost a fort flanked by four strong towers, all in stone and masonry, with a guard house, several large buildings, and a very handsome church, the whole decorated with all the marks of nobility,



THE FIRST BEAUPORT MANOR HOUSE, HEAD QUARTERS OF MONTCALM IN 1759.



THE OLD DE SALABERRY MANOR, BUILT IN 1738.

RUINS OF THE OLD BEAUPORT MANOR, 1634.

with a fine courtyard wherein are a barn, stable, sheepfold, dovecote and other buildings, all of masonry, enclosed in said fort." Its dimensions were about 210 by 170 feet, and it was erected about 1690. The Baron was of real fighting stock and character, and his doings and those of his famous brothers Le Moyne d'Iberville, Le Moyne de Bienville, De Chateaugay, etc., are well known in Canadian history. During the latter decade of the eighteenth century, in 1792, the building was unfortunately burnt. The Barons had then removed their manor to St. Helen's Island, where its ruins can be seen. The site of the castle was given for the erection of the Parish Church of Longueuil. The stones of the castle walls were used for those of the latter structure. The successor of the De Longueuils, Baron Grant, lives in England.

The FORT DES MESSIEURS, of which the round towers remain, on Sherbrooke street, Montreal, belongs to the same class of residences.

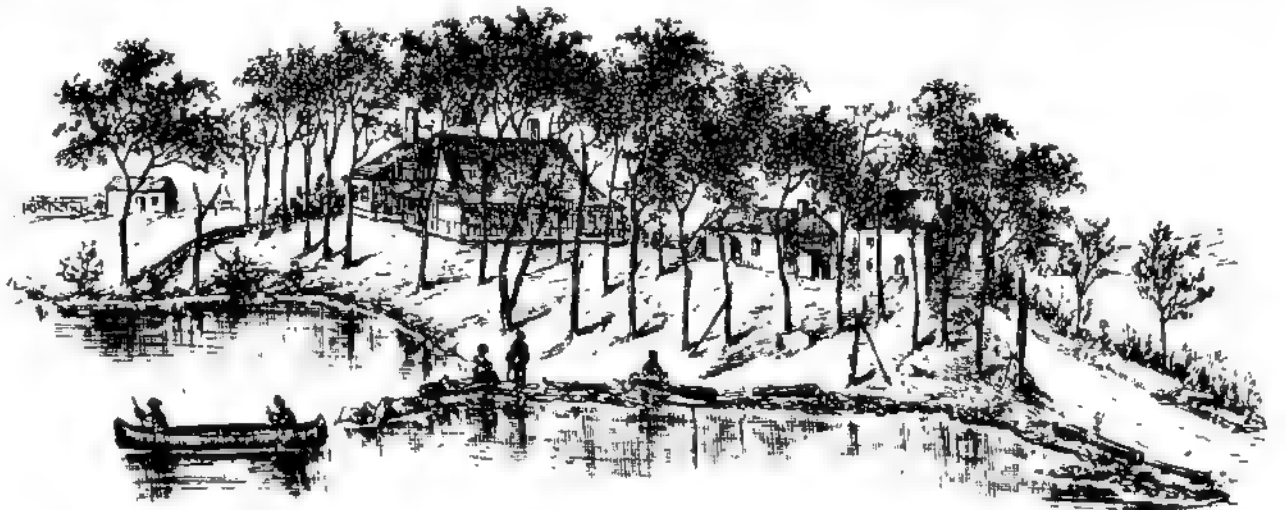
Another style of manor house is that said to have been built by Robert Giffard, the first Seigneur of BEAUPORT, close to Quebec, and which resembles in some respect the Chateau de Ramezay at Montreal. As Giffard got his Seigniorship in 1635, this house, if authentic, would be probably the oldest existing manor house in the province. Bouchette, in 1815, says:—"Westward of the church, on the declivity of the hill, stands a manor house, an ancient, irregular stone building designed originally for defence as well as a residence," but he adds that it is not otherwise remarkable except for its thick walls.

The DE SALABERRY house represented in our sketch, is of another description. It represents the smaller houses of the sort and is only distinguished from the solid farmhouse of the *habitant* by its quaint dating and other ornamentation. Here the Duke of Kent was a frequent visitor to his friend the Chevalier de Salaberry, and here was born and brought up the hero of Chateaugay.

One of the most interesting of such houses was LA MAISON BLANCHE, that of the Tachés at Kamouraska, burnt about ten years ago. Here is a description of it written just before that event:—"It had a most romantic situation, lying in the shelter of a long, rugged, pine-topped hill, which protected it from the winds of the sea. It was a long, whitewashed stone cottage-built house of generous proportions and many windows, the small slats on the blinds giving it, with other marks, a refined appearance. Its roof was shingled, and a short gallery ran along part of the front. A broad court, shaded by a few immense elms, spread before it, paved with large cobbles. At the left of the court on entering, was seen a quaint well-house, also of whitewashed stone, with an old French conical shingled cap, surmounted by a pinnacle, I think, and the broad red door posts of which gave it a bright look, while adding to its quaintness. A glance behind the house showed a most varied collection of odd gables, shingled fancifully to the eaves, and peaked and oblique angle-faced, and running in wings into the garden there. The place was led to by a broad *chemin banal*."

That at BERTHIER is a well-known specimen of somewhat later date and more modern construction. It had its fine elm-trees also, and private chapel in the fields and was built by the Hon. James Cuthbert somewhere about 1770. In the house used to be seen the Duke of Kent's bedroom, with the bed clothes as he left it. The Cuthberts were also Seigneurs of Dautray, St. Cuthbert and other neighbouring manors. They are still resident at Berthier, but in a newer house.

Of the same period is the De Lotbiniere manor at VAUDREUIL, built about 1764, which stood till not long ago where the De Lotbiniere Hotel now is, and to which belonged the great elms standing at that point. It was a somewhat small house, cottage-built and clapboarded. Bouchette, in 1815, describes it as "situated on a well-chosen spot near a small rapid, about a mile and a half from the church, surrounded by some groves of elm, plane and linden trees, which with avenues of other plantations in the English style, afford many very pleasing prospects." It was then the property of the Hon. M. G. De Lotbiniere, but it had been built by his father, the



THE DE LOTBINIERE MANOR HOUSE, 1764, VAUDREUIL.



POINTE PLATON MANOR.

Marquis De Lotbiniere, who bought the seigniority from De Vaudreuil, the last French Governor.

The DE BELLEFEUILLE manor house at St. Eustache was erected about 1786, the seigniority (Mille Isles) having been then divided between the Dumonts and the De Bellefeuilles. The seigniority including St. Therese was originally granted to John Petit, Treasurer of the Marine, about 1700, who divided it between his two daughters, one Madame Dumont getting the St. Eustache half to which was added, in 1754, St. Jerome. This is a representative old French Canadian house, with the gallery right over the road, steep gables and very thick rubble walls.

That of DESCHAMBAULT, near Quebec, apparently dates from about the commencement of the present century. Bouchette refers to it in his "Topography of Lower Canada," as being then in possession of a Fleury de la Gorgendiere. It has recently been purchased by Mr. G. M. Fairchild, formerly of Quebec, but a resident of New York, a man of tastes, who will no doubt treat it well.

Not far off from the old manor of Vaudreuil and nearer the village, stood the later and more imposing stone manor house, built about 1830 by the

Hon. U. Harwood, who married a Mlle de Lotbiniere. This large square stone mansion was afterwards burnt. The seigniority is now divided among several of the Harwood family.

A delightful example of different variety still, was the Manor of DAUTRAYE, near Berthier, the property of some of the Cuthberts. It consisted of an Elizabethan villa surrounded in front by a high hedge enclosing lawn and gardens, while around the back and both sides of the grounds a magnificent double avenue of tall dark pines extended, forming a striking picture. This was the prototype of the manor of Dormilliere in my "Young Seigneur." It would be hard to adequately picture the refreshing appearance of its noble shades.

The manor house of LACOLLE or De Beaujeu seigniority, "Rockcliff Wood," was built about 1825. It was erected by Mr. Henry Hoyle, an English gentleman who was the earliest introducer of stock farming into Canada. This seigniority had originally been granted to a De Beaujeu. It was purchased with others at the time of the Conquest by General Gabriel Christie, Commander-in-Chief, and passed by inheritance to the Tunstalls, with whom the Hoyles share possession. The late

Hon. Timothy Hoyle was at the same time a Senator of New York.

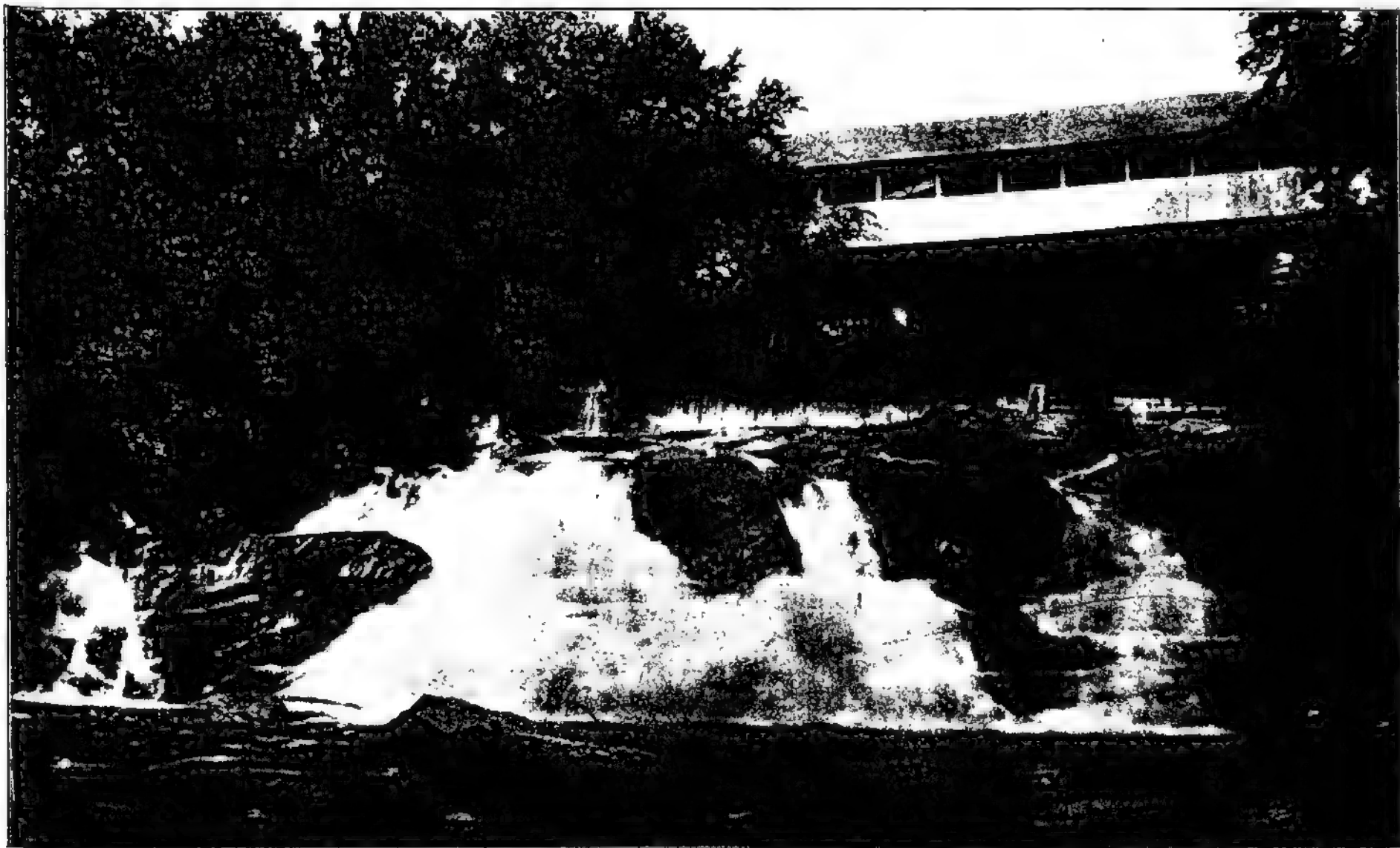
MONTEBELLO is a well known residence on the Ottawa, where live the Papineaus of the Seigniority of La Petite Nation. It presents a striking and attractive appearance from the Ottawa River, and has beautiful grounds. The seigniority appears to have been acquired about 1812, by the father of the celebrated Louis Joseph Papineau, though long before in, 1674, granted to Bishop Laval. Louis Joseph Papineau built the house. Our illustration contains a family group comprising his son (the present seigneur), grandson and infant great-grandchild.

The manor of Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere, at Pointe PLATON, is of about the same recent date, and it is a charming specimen of a perfectly modern country house. Mr. Joly represents the old family from whom his seigniority of Lotbiniere takes its name and who acquired it in 1672. The manor house is situated very beautifully amid the mass of trees half way up the hill side of the Point. It is almost the only dwelling at all visible for miles, owing to unbroken cliffs which form the shore of the neighbourhood. Surrounded with gardens and rural pleasure haunts it is famous for its hospitality.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

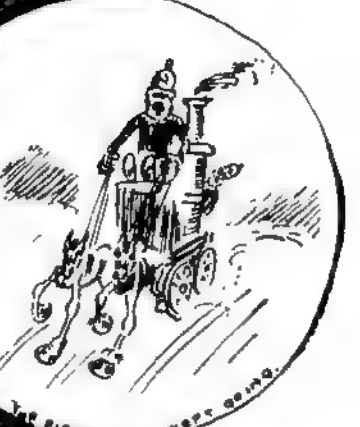
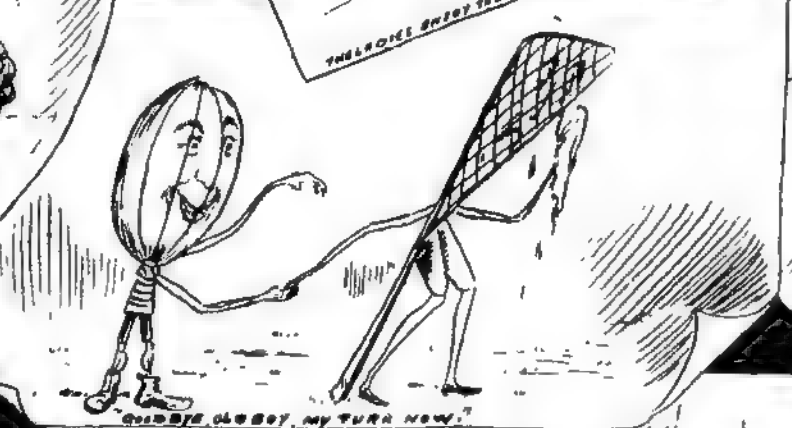
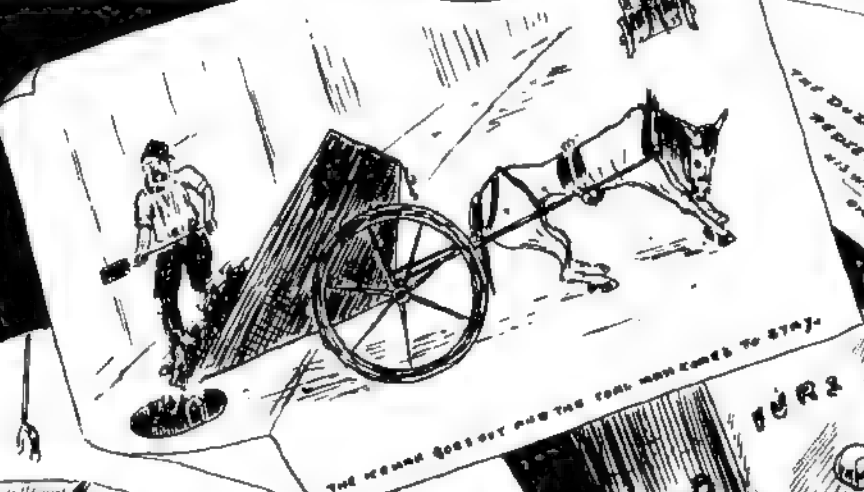
Somebody Try It.

Food hobbies are distinctly fashionable just now. One person in the pursuit of health eschews tea, another port wine. The fads of gout and that "demon dyspepsia," as Carlyle called it, govern most people's tastes and fancies, and hover grimly over their feasts. Young men drink whisky and water, others swear by champagne, a few avoid tobacco, and every doctor has his own fad, his own system, his own treatment. Has it ever been suggested that a short period of fasting would be beneficial to dyspeptic patients in order to give their stomachs rest? I myself remember curing an obstinate attack of dyspepsia that had puzzled the doctors, by throwing physic to the dogs and submitting to a three weeks' diet of "revalenta" made with water and salt, and washed down with lemon-juice and water. But this is a drastic remedy to which few would care to resort. I give it, however, as an example of what heroic treatment a hobby is capable of.—Lady Violet Greville.



FALLS OF THE TOMIPHOBIA, NEAR ROCK ISLAND, P.Q.

Signs of the Times



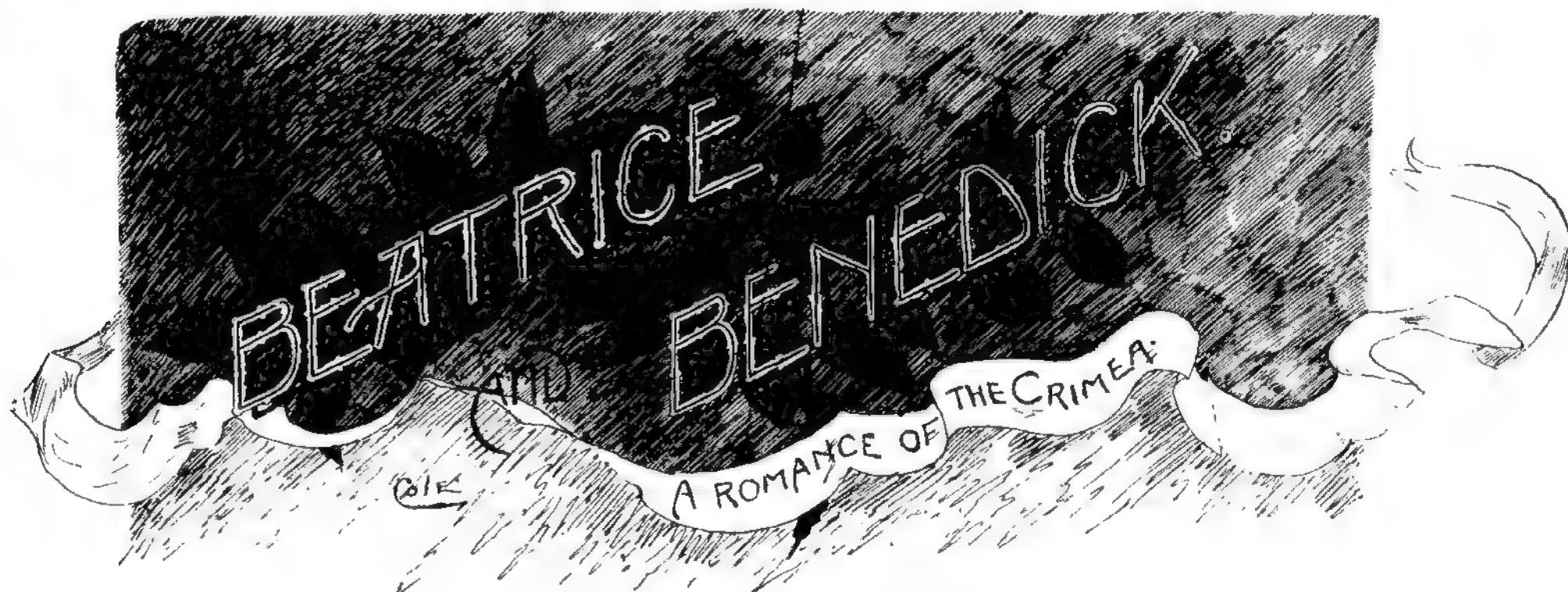
1891



WINTER SCENE ON THE MOUNTAIN, MONTREAL.



GENERAL BURGOYNE ADDRESSING THE INDIANS AT THEIR WAR FEAST IN CANADA.
(From a print of the last century.)



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

Perhaps the climate pulled them through, perhaps the healthiness of the life they led defied injury to the constitution, but at all events if they drank as hard as that famous army of Flanders swore, they thrived upon it, and were uncommonly healthy.

That he never got a line from Miss Lynden puzzled Tom Byng as the winter wore away; but that he did not hear again from Hugh Fleming puzzled him still more, especially as he had once or twice taken an advantage of a flag of truce going across the Russian lines to forward a note to him.

CHAPTER XIX.—MADEMOISELLE IVANHOFF.

A little before Christmas an event had occurred which Dr. Lynden had foreseen as likely, and which he had predicted might count for a good deal in increasing the prospects of peace, should it happen. Kars had capitulated, its gallant defenders having at last been starved into submission. Mouravieff had clung to his prey with the tenacity of a bull-dog, and his perseverance had been at length rewarded. The utter failure of Osman Pascha to come to the relief of Sir Fenwick Williams gave cause to much angry feeling both at home and in the Crimea. There was a prevalent idea in the English army that the defenders of Kars had been politically sacrificed, and that had the hands of the Turkish General not been tied, the defense would not have been in vain, and that he could have compelled the Russians to raise the siege before the garrison were reduced to extremities. Be that as it may, the Russians could now, at all events, point to the capture of Kars as a set-off to the loss of Sebastopol. There are people to this day of that way of thinking, and who still believe that salve to Russia's honour had much to say in bringing the war to a conclusion.

With the spring came councils and congresses, much diplomacy, and many protocols, the first result of which was the conclusion of an armistice. With the spring, too, came much drilling and smartening up of regiments that perpetual trench duty had made slovenly of appearance, and the whole army speedily resumed the appearance it might have worn had it been brought together in England, only with a workmanlike look about it that old campaigners could thoroughly appreciate. Advantage was taken of the armistice by officers on both sides to visit each other's lines, and here the English, thanks to the insatiable restlessness of their nation, speedily out-vied both their Allies and the Russians. The privilege was used sparingly by both the latter, but the British officer was emphatically "all over the place." He made his appearance at Batchi Serai, made pilgrimages to visit the scene of the battle of the Alma, he penetrated to the caves of Inkerman, and the limits of

his travel seemed only bounded by the capabilities of a Crimean pony. As Brydon remarked laughing, "no wonder our fellows are restless. We all feel as if we'd been strictly confined to our own parish for months. It's quite a luxury to break out and see how our neighbours get along."

"Just so," rejoined Byng, "and I tell you what it is, I vote we start for Batchi Serai to-morrow morning. We can go there and back in a day if we start early and take it easy."

"Done with you," said Brydon; "it's a longish day for the ponies, but the wiry little brutes 'll do it easy enough. That dash of Barb blood they most of them have in their veins pulls 'em through."

So it was finally settled that what Byng called a reconnaissance should be made next day, and that those two should ride to Batchi Serai with a view to prospecting for an expedition on a considerably larger scale a week or two later.

"We'll make up a party, you know," said Tom, "half a dozen of us, get a week's leave, take up tents and servants and pack animals and make a big picnic of it."

"Capital," replied Brydon, "we're all cunning in camp life now, and we ought to have a splendid time of it. There's one thing, you can depend on the weather out here. When fine weather's due it's fine, though it can be nasty enough in the winter, too."

"I wonder whether we shall pick up any news of Hugh Fleming in Batchi Serai. Most of these Russian fellows speak French."

"Which we don't," rejoined Brydon laughing, "so that won't much facilitate intercourse between us. But it don't matter. Fleming's doubtless been sent away far into the interior, or we should have heard from him before this. He's as likely as not at St. Petersburg."

A little after six the next morning the pair crossed the Traktir Bridge and having cantered across the valley made their way up Mackenzie Heights. It was a lovely spring morning, and the ponies seemed to revel in the fresh air and sunshine to the full as much as their masters, and when they halted on the banks of the Belbek and produced from their haversacks materials for an early luncheon, Brydon declared he had never been so hungry in his life, while Tom said he felt more like a schoolboy home for the holidays than ever. After a brief halt, they resumed their journey, and a little before noon entered the old capital of the Tartar kings. The first thing to find, undoubtedly, was an inn at which they could stay and rest their ponies. The unflinching little brutes had carried them well, but they had seven-and-twenty miles to carry them back and required a good long bait before being called on to fulfil their task; as for their riders they had the town to see, such as it was.

They were not long before they stumbled on one of those men who swarm all around the shores of the Mediterranean and Asiatic Turkey, men whose nationality it is impossible to define and who seem to speak, more or less, all the tongues of Europe. They are generally vaguely described as coming from the Levant, and from bankers to couriers, from restaurant waiters to promiscuous loafing and vagabondage, seem never at a loss about picking up a living. Some of them drive carriages, but many of them, like the man who so speedily became alive to the requirements of the two British officers, seem, though never at a loss for a job, incapable of taking up with steady employment. Their self-constituted guide quickly found them a suitable inn, and then in obedience to their behests conducted them through the principal parts of the town. There seemed to have been a touch of the Moor about the old Mongolian race before they had succumbed to the hordes of the Muscovite, as evidenced by the verandahs of the houses and the large tree-shaded gardens in which they were built. You would have said it was a pretty town lying at the bottom of a valley, well sheltered from the bitter blasts of the Steppes, but nothing more. The old palace of the Khans, though in excellent repair, struck Byng and Brydon as hardly imposing enough a home for such powerful rulers as the Tartar princes had been in the heyday of their power. In the beautiful gardens around it, a Russian band was playing a set of German waltzes, while strolling about, or sitting on chairs, were numbers of officers in every variety of uniform, from the Horse Artillery of the Imperial Guard down to the sturdy linesman. French uniforms, a few of these with a tolerably good mixture of the English scarlet. A few ladies, richly dressed, were scattered about amongst the chairs and evidently in great request with the militaires fortunate enough to be acquainted with them.

"Well," said Brydon, "these fellows are all brushed up like ourselves. They show small signs of having been through such times as they must have had the last few weeks in Sebastopol."

"Ho!" rejoined Byng, "here comes a poor fellow though, who still bears signs of having been in the thick of it," and as he spoke a Russian officer, whose face bore traces of severe illness, and limped past with the assistance of a stick, and raised his cap with grave courtesy to the two Englishmen. They speedily found themselves cordially received by their late enemies, who not only expressed delight at seeing them but great regret at hearing that they were not to spend a few days there. One thing however, a grey-headed colonel with a decidedly Kalmuck cast of countenance, insisted on, was that they should join him in a *ponche* after the music was finished.

"Ha! the *galop finale*," remarked one of the other officers. The band struck up the "Stürm Marsch," and Tom could hardly repress a slight start as the well-known air once more fell upon his ears. It recalled the night of that ball at Manchester, when he had first thought that he had good hopes of winning Frances Smerdon's love. How the thought had grown stronger week by week during his stay in that place, and how before he had made up his mind to speak, the *routé* had come, and he had determined that was no time for such nonsense. How he had sternly resolved that no love-making should escape his lips but that he would sail for the East leaving the girl unfettered, and put his fate to the test! should he come safe home again. It was well, he thought, that he had made that decision when he first heard of Miss Smerdon's sarcastic remarks. He was not quite so sure about that now; that letter she had written to him, when she thought he was seriously wounded, had made him take a more modified view of her conduct.

We know that he was sorry he had sent such an answer as he did to Frances' missive; he was not at all certain that he had not made a confounded fool of himself by his Spartan reticence. You can't expect a girl to take the initiative in an affair of this kind.

"Do you suppose, sir,
That the rose, sir,
Picks itself to deck your breast?"

However it is all over now, and here his reflections were suddenly interrupted by Brydon's ejaculating—"by Heavens, Tom, look there." Following the direction of Brydon's gesture, Tom's eyes fell upon a pretty young lady, smartly dressed, with the most coquettish of bonnets upon her head, who was exchanging salutations right and left with the Russian officers, and having for her cavalier no other than Hugh Fleming, looking as well as ever he had done in his life.

"Ah, Monsieur recognises some one," said one of the Russians talking to Brydon, turning round.

"Ah, yes, your compatriot, you know him I presume."

"Yes, he belongs to my own regiment," said Brydon, he's a *camarade*, a brother officer—what do you call it, *frère* officer."

"Ah, brother officer," replied the Russian politely in English.

"Oh lord, Tom," said Brydon in an undertone, "it's very convenient but rather humiliating; all these fellows speak better English than we do."

"Yes," said Byng "Captain Fleming is one of ourselves. May I ask who is the very pretty lady with whom he is walking?"

"That is Mademoiselle Ivanhoff. Captain Fleming has been very fortunate. Many of us would have taken his wound to have so fair a nurse."

"Well, he certainly don't look as if he had anything the matter with him now," said Brydon.

"Oh, no," rejoined the Russian, "he's as well as any of us, but he's a prisoner on *parole*. *Ma foi*," he added with a slight sneer, "they need not have asked for his *parole*, Mademoiselle's chains would be quite sufficient."

"Well, we must go across and shake hands with Hugh," said Byng. "Mademoiselle Ivanhoff, you said. I once had the honour of meeting her brother under rather peculiar circumstances."

"*Sacré tonnerre*," exclaimed the Russian, "then was you, you who took Alexis Ivanhoff prisoner before the eyes of the whole army. It was *superbe*, *magnifique*, but I should think, Monsieur, the exploit would hardly recommend you to Mademoiselle Ivanhoff," and so saying, the Russian slightly raised his hat and turned on his heel.

But by this, Hugh had caught sight of them, and was springing forward to meet them, when he was momentarily checked by his fair companion. Glancing at the English officers she said something rapidly to him, and in another moment Hugh was cordially shaking hands with Byng and Brydon.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you fellows again. Of course you've heard all about me, how I was taken prisoner and should have died I verily believe, if it hadn't been for Marie—Mademoiselle Ivanhoff I mean, she called

herself Sister Marie you know," he added a little confusedly, "during the time she was an hospital nurse."

"And you're all sound again now," said Brydon.

"Fit as a fiddle," rejoined Hugh.

"But come and be introduced to my kind nurse, she is very anxious to see you Tom, as you may well imagine."

Now this was just a point upon which Tom had considerable misgivings. He had had his doubts beforehand, even when he had read that letter of "Sister Marie's," and as he looked at the haughty, resolute face of the lady, it struck him there was a strong dash of her brother's spirit about her, and that the remark of his late Russian acquaintance was probably a good deal nearer the truth. However, he had no time for further reflection, for by this, Hugh was introducing him to Mademoiselle Ivanhoff. That lady extended her hand graciously to him as she said with a smile, "Ah, Major Byng and I are not like people meeting for the first time. Is it not so? I have heard much of him, not only from Captain Fleming but also from my brother. Alexis owes his life to you, Monsieur."

Tom murmured some common-place remark to the effect that any one else in his place would have done the same, but even as he spoke he thought there was a slight curl in Mademoiselle's lip, a wicked flash in her eye and though she had naturally a very sweet voice, its tones jarred upon his ear, as if fair though the words, they were spoken in mockery. Still, the young lady could be very winning when she chose, and for the next few minutes, there was no doubt, she exerted all her fascinations to subjugate Tom, and at the end of that time he had come to the conclusion that he was a suspicious old beast and beginning to lose faith in everyone. He had forgotten that Hugh in ordinary courtesy could not indulge his thirst for information concerning letters, camp news, &c., until Mademoiselle had, so to speak, finished with himself, and Mademoiselle entirely monopolised him till the band was over and the gardens rapidly thinning. Then she turned to address a few courteous words to Brydon and explain that she was *désolée* at hearing that they were returning to their lines that night.

"I was in hopes that you were about to pass a few days here, when I should have had the opportunity of really making your acquaintance, but you will come up again in a week or two, won't you? Major Byng says it's to be so, and I shall hope to see more of you then."

"No letters for me," exclaimed Hugh, "and yet like the dear good fellow you are, you say you wrote to Nellie and told her that I was all right."

"There is no letter for you from Miss Lynden," replied Byng. "She wrote to me as I tell you in the first instance, but I've not heard from her since I wrote to tell her you were all right. I can tell you no more."

"It's deuced odd," said Hugh as he knit his brows, "I can't understand it."

"Captain Fleming," said Mademoiselle Ivanhoff, "I must once more claim your services. You promised to be my escort to Madame Radski's tea."

"Yes, it's time to say good-bye," remarked Brydon, "you see, Tom, our friends are waiting for us."

"Ah, some of our officers are going to entertain you," said Mademoiselle Ivanhoff. "I will therefore say good-bye. Remember you are not to be long before you come to see us again," and she bowed to the two Englishmen.

"Well, good-bye Hugh," said Byng, "I had hoped you'd have seen us through this *ponche*."

"Ah, if that's it," laughed Mademoiselle, "I'll release you, Captain Fleming. I cannot well go to this tea without an escort, but that is of no consequence."

"Ah, no," replied Hugh laughing, "we cannot have your tea sacrificed for a *ponche*. I will take you to Madame Radski's and I shall have lots of time to say good-bye to my old comrades here afterwards," and with that Hugh walked off with Mademoiselle Ivanhoff.

"Fancy that Russian fellow's about right," said Brydon grinning, "and that Master Hugh is in the toils. We live and learn, Tom, and it strikes me

that being taken prisoner is a long way off the worst thing that can happen to one in campaigning."

"Hugh looks like making a confounded fool of himself," rejoined Byng, sulkily. "As you know, he is engaged to as nice a girl as ever stepped, at home, and as for 'Sister Marie' forsooth, she's a deal too good-looking a young woman to have prancing about an hospital. I could laugh outright when I think of the mental picture I drew on her at Vanoutka, when I got her letter. There's not much of the hospital nurse left about her now. Well, come on, Heaven send us safe through this *ponche*, for we've a long ride before us, and these Russian fellows can drink vodka by the gallon without its affecting their heads."

CHAPTER XX — BATCHI SERAI.

Byng's anticipations, however, proved groundless, their entertainers quite recognised that they had a good many miles to ride that night, and had no intentions of challenging them to a drinking bout. There was no attempt to press them to do more than drink a stirrup cup. Caviare and brandy were scattered about the tables of the restaurant, but the staple of the entertainment of Byng and Brydon consisted of bottled stout, which was dispensed to them in wine glasses, and forcibly recalled to their minds Mr. Swiveller's celebrated dictum on the tasting of malt liquors. It was not till they had purchased their experience on a subsequent visit that they realised the delicate intentions of their entertainers. In the eyes of a foreigner, an Englishman is regarded as a beer drinking creature. At all events he was in the days of which I am writing, and the Russians when they produced the stout were producing the choicest vintage. Bottled stout was dearer in their lines than champagne, and sold currently at twelve shillings a bottle. However, the *ponche* was soon over and the pair were once more jogging along on their homeward way. Each man was smoking and immersed in his own reflections. Tom could not help thinking of his parting with Alexis Ivanhoff. He had not thought so much of it at the time, but the sister recalled the brother's manner so vividly to his recollection. Ivanhoff had asked him his name, declared that he owed him his life, and that though it was not likely it might chance to be in his power sometime to repay the obligation; in the hurly-burly of a big war like this there was no knowing what might happen, still Tom thought there had been a *souçon* of mockery in his tones as he spoke. If he had saved his life, Tom had most certainly disappointed the ambitions based on his successfully carrying out his hazardous enterprise and Tom could but reflect that but for himself, the Russian might have regained his own lines unhurt. No, it was open to question whether the Ivanhoffs owed him much gratitude. However, he was not likely to see much more of them even if it should chance that he met Mademoiselle again in their proposed trip up the country. There was great curiosity to hear their report, when, at a late hour, they made their appearance in the mess-room. Everyone was delighted to hear such a flourishing account of Hugh Fleming; but what explanation did he give for not writing? and now it flashed across the two travellers, that in that brief conversation with Hugh that point had never been touched upon. It was odd, Byng admitted, but they had so much to talk about he had quite forgotten to ask Hugh that question.

"I suppose he hadn't time," at length said Brydon, "Fleming's got his hands pretty full just now, I should say," he continued with a mischievous glance at Tom. Brydon invariably discountenanced marrying amongst his brother officers. He held that it spoiled the mess, and that soldiers had no business with wives, holding I am afraid to the slack breezy old adage of a fresh quarter and a fresh flame. Byng resolutely declined to be drawn upon this point, but some of the others were not so reticent, and were much amused with Brydon's account of "Sister Marie." "Nobody but a born fool," he concluded, "would ever dream of coming off the sick list with such a nurse as that."

"Was she so very handsome then?" enquired a susceptible subaltern.

"Well, it's so long since I've seen a pretty woman that I'm hardly a fair judge, but she's about as good-looking as they make 'em. And now I'm off to roost, for I'm dog-tired. Good-night all of you."

Nothing much in all this, but idle gossip travels a long way at times.

* * * * *

Hugh Fleming is quite conscious that he had rather got himself into a scrape of late, it had come about so naturally and so gradually that he really, to this minute, could not say how it had all happened. In those early days, when he lay badly wounded and burnt up with fever, when the fires of life were flickering day by day, and when it was doubtful that he would ever see a morrow's sun, he was only dimly sensible of a soft hand that bathed his brow and smoothed his pillow, of a gentle presence that hovered around his bedside, and seemed to bring with it rest and quietness. As his strength and powers of observation returned, it was soothing to lie there and watch the tall, slender figure of his nurse as she busied herself about her ward, and he became aware that in spite of the unbecoming costume, Sister Marie was a young and good-looking woman with brilliant dark eyes and a particularly sweet smile. During that tedious convalescence, her assiduity was unwearied. She encouraged him to talk to her about himself, checked him quietly but firmly whenever she thought he was over-tiring himself, and in short, in those days of weakness, drew from Hugh pretty well his whole history. Not a very eventful one, nor had she any particular interest in learning it, but previous training had rendered this almost intuitive with Marie Ivanhoff. As he got better and stronger and was able to leave his sick bed, it was Sister Marie's arm that supported his tottering steps, the dark eyes softening marvellously when she was employed in his service, and before three months had elapsed from the storming of the Redan, Hugh Fleming awoke to the fact that he was on very sentimental terms with the nurse. The Russian sick, like the English, now the hardships of campaigning were relaxed, improved rapidly. If supplies were not so plentiful as in the British lines, still, at Batchi Serai there was no lack of sufficient food. Nature, that mighty assistant of all doctors, was having fair play, and now lending her powerful aid with a will. The consequence was, the hospitals were rapidly vacated, and at length the number of patients became so few, that Marie Ivanhoff and one or two more of the younger ladies resigned their posts, threw off their dresses as nurses, and once more appeared radiant in their ordinary apparel.

Hugh was much struck when his late nurse presented herself, no longer, as she haughtily informed him, in that capacity, but as Mademoiselle Ivanhoff come to visit M. le Capitaine Fleming and congratulate him on his recovery from his late serious illness. It is possible that Hugh rather overdid the gratitude on this occasion, and thanked Mademoiselle more effusively and affectionately than was absolutely necessary; but one thing is quite certain, that Fleming found he had slipped imperceptibly from the rôle of a patient into that of a lover. And if soft smiles and sweet glances went for anything, into that of a favoured one too—Mademoiselle Ivanhoff was no innocent girl, but a worldly young lady, who had seen men and cities; but she was also of an imperious disposition, and one who gave free rein to her caprices—one of those women who indulge in those small whirlwinds of passion which their imagination so magnifies. Flirtations with them, while they last, always assume the dignity of a *grande passion*. Mademoiselle on this occasion had become, in the first instance, interested in the man she had nursed back to life. She had wound up by falling in love with him after her fashion.

As they were dull, these provincial towns, this young Englishman would serve to amuse one here in the spring-time; and from this point of view Marie had appropriated Hugh in the beginning. However, it could not be said from want of competition Mademoiselle Ivanhoff had allowed herself to be more infatuated about this new lover than she usually permitted herself. There were plenty

of her compatriots quite willing to enliven Batchi Serai for the capricious lady. She never lacked admirers, let her go where she would, but she elected the Englishman her cavalier, and all endeavours to shake his position proved hopeless.

It was awkward for Hugh, but it was not very easy to say how he could extricate himself. He was a prisoner, and so could not run away from temptation. He could not quarrel with the woman who had nursed him unweariedly through that terrible illness. It was not that he was false to his English love, though there were passages in his flirtation with Marie Ivanhoff that would have scarcely met her approval. Still, when a young man of about six and twenty, as in Hugh's case, is exposed to all the fascinations of a pretty woman, who makes no attempt at concealing a *tendresse* for himself, it is small wonder if he gives occasion for the coupling of their names in the gossip of a small country town.

It was very singular, Hugh thought, that no news should have come to him of Nellie Lynden; of course he didn't get his letters with the regularity he would have done in his own lines, but still, they did come to him; at uncertain intervals a few were forwarded by his own regiment, so that had Nellie written he most certainly ought to have received anything there might be from her. His promotion too, he had ceased to think about that, he was out of it now, and it little signified what regiment bore him on its strength. He supposed that it was all over, that they would be all on their way home soon; in Batchi Serai they seemed just as convinced that the war was finished, as they were in the Allied Camps. Hugh could not but admit that there was some truth in what a Russian Colonel had said to him:

"Yes, you have taken Sebastopol, but to the defence belongs all the glory. When that siege becomes history, it is not your side that will be most talked about, and among all the chiefs engaged in it, Todleben will stand out a head and shoulders above the rest."

But what did Hugh care about history. The present was what he had to do with, and very pleasant he found it. It was *lotos* eating if you will, this dangling at the skirts of Mademoiselle Ivanhoff, it was not behaving quite fairly perhaps to his fiancée; but then, what could he do? It might not be quite right, but it was very pleasant; if his conduct was not exactly what it ought to be, he, at all events, couldn't help it, and because a man was engaged to be married to one woman, he wasn't justified in behaving like a brute to all the

rest. It would all come to an end now in a few weeks, and Marie and he would part dear good friends. He certainly did have occasional misgivings, that parting might be an unpleasant business; he had not promised marriage to Marie Ivanhoff, neither had he informed her that he was pledged to another. But that young lady undoubtedly regarded him as quite her own property, and Hugh knew full well that those dark eyes of hers could lighten on occasion, and that she was no woman to take a wound to her *amour propre* tamely.

There were two things that certainly ought to have occurred to Hugh had his mind not been pre-occupied, namely, that taking all the circumstances into consideration it would be as well that he should return to England, and secondly, that if he set to work in earnest there would probably not be much difficulty in doing so. He was a prisoner on parole at present, and the peace he regarded as almost certain. It was not likely that the Russians would refuse him permission to go home if he would simply give his word not to serve against them in case of a resumption of hostilities. But if all this failed to cross the mind of Hugh Fleming, Tom Byng and his old brother officers were considerably struck by it. Why Hugh lingered at Batchi Serai was inexplicable, except upon the grounds of his having fallen deeply in love with this fair Russian. That would account for everything, otherwise it was so very odd that he didn't come to spend the last few weeks of the Crimean campaign with them. None of them doubted that he had only to apply for such permission to obtain it, and one would have thought that he would have enjoyed having a last look at the old places where they had fought and suffered in the society of the old comrades, who had fought and suffered with him.

"Hang it," as Brydon said, "he ought to be anxious to see us, but when a fellow gets in that way he loses all sense of regard for his fellow creatures bar one. I'm blest if I don't think he looked upon Tom and me as rather *de trop* at Batchi Serai the other day."

It may easily be supposed that Fleming had no monopoly of the correspondence from Manchester. The regiment had been stationed there for some months, and one or two of his brother officers, although not circumstanced as Hugh was, exchanged a few letters with friends they had made there. And so it came to pass that though Hugh did not go to England, the news of his entanglement with Mademoiselle Ivanhoff did, and in due course it came to the ears of Frances Smerdon.

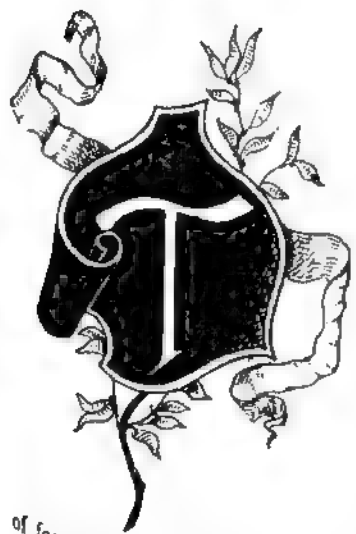
(To be continued.)



AN ICEBERG THAT DRIFTED INTO THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

NEW BRUNSWICK AUTHORSHIP.

INTRODUCTION.



THE study of books is second only to the study of man. A reader meets with the very best aristocracy in his books, an aristocracy, not of birth, nor of wealth, but of mind. No wonder, then, that there are so many lovers of books, men who cherish a book as they do a human being! Commend to me the book crank above all others of that species, he who can tell of all the rare editions

of famous works, whose shelves are filled with publishers' catalogues, whose mind is filled with prices, prints and particulars of curious and valuable books, and who is often to be found in the secondhand bookstore poring over piles of old parchment.

Book-hunting is an agreeable pursuit. The chase is exciting and expectation is as pleasant as realization. In New Brunswick there is abundant scope for the bibliophile's researches. Local book lore tells of many rare, curious and valuable books. Pamphlets were issued as far back as a century since, bound books early in the eighteenth century; but they have fallen prey to the various maladies that afflict the children of the press, and copies of them are scarce. This of course renders the chase more exciting but realization less frequent. Yet the book-hunter never complains.

New Brunswick literature includes the names of many whose fame has extended beyond the confines of their own firesides and gone into other lands. Though the page tells of many who would be called simply local writers, there are many who are known as Canadian and even as American writers. We have not yet reached that point of vantage when we can claim a world's writer. One distinction is that we have so many who have won a Canadian or even an American reputation.

The Loyalists supply the reason for this fact. More than a hundred years ago they settled our province. They were a cultured literary people and they brought with them their love of books and learning. This love they fostered in their children and grand-children, and as their fathers were so were they. A country is usually settled altogether differently, by people who have neither time nor inclination to devote themselves to literary pursuits. Printed volumes seldom find a place in the home of the pioneer, and his mind seldom rises beyond the clearing of his land and obtaining from it his daily bread. In this case, too, the offspring are as their fathers, and there is little chance for literary growth. Thankful then should we be that the Loyalists were our ancestors.

Again, New Brunswick offers food to nourish literary life such as is offered by few lands. Her natural scenery is grand, her traditions, folk lore and legends are beautiful and inspiring, her history is full of noble incident. The "Kith of America," the magnificent Micmac mythology, the romantic story of Madame La Tour are part of her heritage.

Our leading artists won fame while located in other climes. The love of literature was fostered at home and they went abroad to give expression to that love. This was meritorious. A broader field meant broader fame, and that fame was bound to reflect credit upon the place of their nativity.

History is valuable only when it is exact and impartial. No matter how excellent its style, it loses its worth if it does not possess these requisites; it becomes literature, not history. The leading New Brunswick historians are models in this respect. John Foster Kirk, a native of Fredericton, was a co-labourer with Prescott, and wrote a "History of Charles the Bold" that does not suffer by comparison with the greater writer's works. The late Charles Wentworth Upham, of New Brunswick birth, wrote a great many biographies, and his "Salem Witchcraft" is an authority on that interesting subject. He took rank as one of the first historians in New England. James Hannay's "History of Acadia" has placed him in the van among Canadian historians, while Dr. Stewart's "Frontenac and his Times," and "Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin," are voluminous and

comprehensive works. William Cobbett, who resided several years in St. John, was one of England's leading pamphleteers and political writers, and his "Grammar" and "Register" may be numbered among her most enduring works. George E. Fenety, a well known journalist and Queen's printer, has written a political work that will be of value as the years advance, since it treats of the period when New Brunswick was torn by the struggle for responsible government. Moses H. Perley was an extensive writer on the early history and industries of New Brunswick, and probably knew more about Canadian fisheries than any man living before or since. Walter Bates, an early Loyalist, wrote a small volume that was published in, and had an extended circulation in Canada, United States and England. The book describes the highly exciting (and the more interesting since they are facts) adventures of "Henry More Smith," an ingenious rogue, whose many remarkable escapes are related. J. W. Lawrence, of St. John is a careful compiler of Loyalist history. He has in manuscript a very valuable work on "The Early Judges of New Brunswick." The late Dr. Bill's history of the Baptists in the Maritime Provinces, and Lieut.-Col. Baird's descriptions of early life in New Brunswick, are works of much value. George R. Parkin, the great Imperial federationist, is Thring's biographer.

James De Mille and May Agnes Fleming, both of whom were born and bred in St. John, are the pioneer novelists of Canada and are numbered among the few who acquired a reputation abroad. They were on good terms with the leading publishing houses in the United States, a fact that is suggestive of popularity and worth in itself. The two or three dozen novels which each produced have been widely read and have brought them fame in their respective departments. De Mille's novels are powerful and original tales of love and adventure. The others are very racy society stories. Prof. Roberts and Charles Lugin have contributed stories and sketches a great deal to the leading magazines and journals of the United States. James McGregor Allan's sketches of life in Canada were received with much favour in England. Mrs. Julia Hart, Agatha Armour and Mrs. Ald. Estey, of Fredericton, and Kate Gannett Wells, of Campbelllo, are numbered among our lady novelists. Rev. Dr. Wilson has written several stories of New Brunswick life.

Charles Frederick Hartt, had he lived, would have risen to the eminence as a scientist to which Sir William Dawson has attained. But, as it is, his "Geology of Brazil," the result of his labours in that country, where he gave up his life to the cause he loved, has brought him fame. George M. Theal, a quondam St. John man, but now a resident in South Africa, has written several works on the history, geography and folk lore of Africa, which have been adopted for use in the public schools. Abraham Gesner, J. F. W. Johnston and Alexander Monro have been leading scientists in New Brunswick in the past, Prof. Ganong, Prof. Bailey, Prof. Brittain, G. U. Hay, Edward Jack, C.E., and Mr. Matthews are leading scientists of the present time. Sir Howard Douglas, one of our governors, wrote several works on military science.

Dr. Hyde, for a time professor at the University of New Brunswick, has been spoken of by a leading scientist as the most trustworthy of all students of Irish folk lore, and he is well known both as a prose and verse writer.

Among those in this province who have written on theological topics may be mentioned Revs. Wm. Ferril, John De Soyres, Dr. Bennett, Dr. Pope, Wm. Aloes, Bishop Medley and Bishop Kingdon.

Everywhere, where Canadian verse appears, our New Brunswick bards are well represented. New Brunswick is the nursery of Canadian song and the Celestial City is the nursery of New Brunswick song. James Hogg wrote early in this century, and his verse was highly complimented by his namesake, the Ettrick Shepherd. Peter John Allan wrote exquisite verse from classic models. Roberts, Carman and Stratton, three sons of three sisters, are a trio of nature's poets, and the two first are among the few Canadian poets who have won distinction in the United States and England. Roberts is quite generally known as the laureate of Canada. H. L. Spencer, of St. John, is a master of that medium of the heart's expression, the sonnet; and his verse has received the encomiums of Bryant, Goldwin Smith, Edgar L. Wakeman, and other eminent critics. Some of

Mr. M. Sabiston's poems were highly praised by Longfellow, and were incorporated into his Poems of Places. William Murdock's productions have all the ring and fervour of his loved Bobbie Burns. Nelson and Hannay are a duo of true patriotic poets, and the first bears the proud distinction of being author of Canada's national anthem. Oliver Goldsmith, a collateral descendant of the great Oliver, wrote a very good imitation of The Deserted Village, entitled the Rising Village. Rev. W. W. Campbell, late of St. Stephen, is the Canadian Swinburne. E. B. Chandler, of Moncton, has embalmed in graceful verse some charming Indian legends. William Martin Leggett wrote and W. P. Dole writes with much feeling and polish. Rev. A. J. Lockhart is very fanciful and truly Canadian. George Arthur Hammond, the printer poet, writes with classical grace of things spiritual. Casey Tap is possessor of a very pretty dialect style. Matthew Richey Knight has a genius for epigrammatic poetry. De Mille has penned some charming lines both serious and comic. Jonathan Odell, the first provincial secretary of New Brunswick, wrote some revolutionary poems during the war, to which much interest attaches on account of their subject. Among other poets and versifiers of the province may be mentioned Alex. Heron, Frank Risteen, Martin Butler (the Peddler Poet), Margaret Gill Currie, Geo. Dixon, Thomas Hill, W. D. Kearney, Beatrice McEowan, David Palmer, James Redfern, Letitia F. Simpson, Dr. F. K. Crosby, Agnes Megowan, Jean E. U. Nealis, Clare Everest and W. F. Watson. Lastly we will bring up a strong rear guard, consisting of the Robert family, three brothers of Professor Roberts, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-one, and a sister, all of whom have contributed to the leading journals of Canada and the United States.

JAMES HOGG.

Three great names in British song appear in New Brunswick poet lore. These are Campbell, Oliver Goldsmith and James Hogg. Those in our province who bore these names, though they moved in narrower spheres, are nevertheless worthy namesakes of their greater predecessors.

James Hogg was the first in New Brunswick to invoke the muse. He and the Ettrick Shepherd were distant relations and they were well known to one another, while the first and only book of poems gotten out by the younger James obtained a flattering criticism from his famous elder.

The subject of our sketch was born in Leitrim, Ireland, September 14th, 1800. He came to New Brunswick in 1819, settled near St. John and from there removed to Fredericton. He engaged at first in farming and business, but these occupations were uncongenial to his taste, and in 1844 he founded the Fredericton Reporter. In journalism he found his true sphere and he conducted it with much success for twenty-two years until his death in 1866. It came into the world as a very small weekly sheet, but it enlarged at various times until it obtained to a very considerable size.

Mr. Hogg was a born journalist and his paper was both well managed and edited. It was a success whether from a business, a political or a literary point of view. He engaged in the tedious battle for responsible government from its infancy, giving able assistance with his pen (for his paper was one of influence) while Wilmot, Fisher and others conducted the reform in the legislature. The combined power of the press and platform prevailed, and the Reporter had the good fortune to share in the victory.

Mr. Hogg carefully revised all his writings, and as a result his editorial columns displayed more polish than those of more modern newspapers. He also devoted much attention to literature, and the paper was enriched by original tales and poems. He endeavoured to make the Reporter a power in letters as well as in politics, and he was successful. The stories and verse from his own pen, which appeared in the columns of the Reporter, received words of high compliment from ex-Governor Wilmot, Solicitor-General Kinnear and other leading men of his time.

We will deal first with his earlier works. These are contained in a small volume, published by Henry Chubb, St. John, in 1825. It is a neat little volume and its make-up reflects great credit upon early bookmaking in St. John. There is probably but one copy in existence, that in possession of a daughter of the writer.

The poems are lyrical with the exception of a few narratives entitled "The Hermit of Woodford," "Armin and Amanda," and "The Taper of the Wood." These have much of the grace and beauty seen in "The Deserted Village," and in style and construction bear an eighteenth century stamp. They follow the mode set by Goldsmith,

Pope, Cowper and others. The following is an extract from one of these poems:—

'Twas harvest now, and o'er the level fields,
Slow mov'd the golden gift which Ceres yields,
Congenial to the earth, the blushing morn,
With balmy dew-drops steep'd the ripening corn;
And every flow'r and every loaded spray
Spread its fresh foliage to the morning ray.

The elegy is the poet's forte. It is evident that he was a close student of Gray. He has the feeling and pathos of Gray, but not the polish. Twenty years labor was put upon the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Hogg was but twenty years old when he wrote his elegies. These facts should be taken into consideration to explain the relative polish of the two. Every verse of Gray's elegy is a polished gem. Hogg's are gems, but in the rough. Still two stanzas of "An Elegy" might be incorporated into Gray's, and its excellence would be in no wise diminished. The fault of Hogg is that he does not rise in the remainder of his elegies to the standard set in these two stanzas. What might they not have become with much care? Here are the stanzas:—

E'en now, perhaps, in some sequestered vale,
Where blooms the violet in its modest shade,
Some hoary minstrel tells the plaintive tale,
How worth and genius only bloom to fade.

But in a happier clime, where virtue thrives,
Fresh in the glow of an eternal bloom,
Who peaceful sinks in death again revives
To soar with triumph o'er his mortal doom.

James Hogg's boyish genius has another phase. There is a sparkling joy in other of his poems. The music in the ode "To Sensibility" is exquisite, the merry swing charming, the whole effect inspiring. It reminds one very much of Keats' *Fancy*.

Pleasing, painful, tender thing
Ever, ever on the wing,
Sent to cheer us from above,
Friend of pity, soul of love,—
I pause a while and let us trace
The well-formed beauties of thy face.
Now, I see the lily's pale
O'er thy wand'ring looks prevail—
Now, the rose's scarlet dye
O'er thy cheeks like streamers fly;
All at once the tints retire,
Eyes of dew and lips of fire.

Tenderness, sweetness, grace, power, sublimity, all appear in his poems, and one wonders that they can be written by one so young, for many were written at the age of twelve, and he brought out his book at the age of twenty-five. We quote from it here and there.

THE NATIVITY.

Hail, Lord of nature, form'd in nature's mould,
To earth subjected and by Heav'n foretold;
When rising waves no longer swell the main,
When stars no longer deck the etherial plain,
When stops the sun and breezes cease to blow,
And rivers in their beds forget to flow—
Eternal years with unobstructed pace,
Shall tell the matchless wonders of thy grace.

THE CHURCHYARD.

Beside the narrow path so often trod
By falt'ring feet, with tears so oft bedew'd,
The lonely cowslip rears his modest head,
And the green nightshade, emblem of the graves
That show the moon their grassy forms around,
Waves in the sullen blast of night. The stones
Whose half-worn letters, hieroglyphics old,
And nameless characters, by time defac'd,
Tell to the living where the dead are laid,
Promiscuous plac'd upon the level green,
(Tribute of friendship and affection warm),
Shade the rank herbage that from year to year
Grows unmolested on the holy spot.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Oft in the lone, sequestered vale,
Led by thy charms, I've mov'd along,
Heard thy sweet notes in every gale,
Bewildered by the melting song.

Oft have I blest the wondrous power
That bade my ling'ring spirits rise,
But soon it fled, and one short hour
Left me involv'd in darker skies.

And oft from passion's wild alarm,
I've sought some shade of soft repose;
The heart that feels not pleasure's charm
Alike unconscious bears its woes.

It seems almost impossible to think that these poems were written by a boy, so much feeling and pathos is there in them. Generally, the youthful temperament is light and airy, given more to song than to elegy. But James Hogg seems to be an exception. He lays bare his heart, and it is a heart that is subject to deep impression, too. He feels

nature in all her moods, but especially does he sympathize with her in her serious mind, and thus is stamped upon his verse a genuine pathos.

He cannot lay claim to originality. He was too susceptible of impression to be original. His surroundings virtually made him. Goldsmith, Gray and Keats were early introduced into his life and were carefully studied by him. The result is that all the poems in this book, anyway, all the best ones, are images of his models. Goldsmith pervades the narrative poems, Gray, the elegies, and Keats the odes. He seems to have absorbed into himself the whole scope of their genius. Their spirit enters into his work and makes it almost as valuable as their own.

As regards his style externally, it is certainly very graceful and musical. The words flow along without a jar and the verses swing along without a break. This was all natural; it required no effort. It is seen even in the prose of his preface.

He understood himself very accurately. The injunction, "Know Thyself," is particularly applicable to the book. He must determine how high his music can carry him and then attempt no higher flight lest he meet with an ignominious fall. He may dash off a bright little lyric of love or a very graceful narrative, but let him think before he attempts an epic or a drama. Hogg understood this truth, and that he acted upon it is shown both in his poems and in his preface, by the style and excellence of the poems and the ideas presented in the preface. He says:—



JAMES HOGG.

"If I have been successful in describing the simple and genuine feelings of the heart, and if my performance shall be viewed in that light only, I freely confess that my ambition will be gratified and my hopes realized, since I have never aimed at anything beyond the cherished feelings and artless simplicity of nature."

Coming to his later poems, we find that none appeared in book form. The volume published in 1825 contained only the productions of his youth. He issued a number of poems in pamphlet form, but these have been lost, and we must look to the files of the *Fredericton Reporter* for his later works. The many contained in the *Reporter* give a clear likeness of his maturer style. His later ones carry all the grace and brilliant fancy of his earlier work, but are not so flexible. It, however, possesses more power, sublimity and scope. The imperfections that crop out frequently in the earlier poems disappear more in the later. He is more sustained. The signs of added years with its insight and stability are shown.

"The Consummation" is a perfect picture of darkness and despair. Sorrow and gloom pervade it throughout. The following is an illustration of his success when courting the muse in her sadness:—

The earth was charged with crime from wilds remote
Or where the city's spires in glittering pride
Pointed in solemn mockery to heaven,
Alike the voice of sin was heard to rise,
O'er all the spacious world no spot escap'd
The dark contagion, and the tainted air

Hung still and listless as the putrid fens
That gird the dead sea's shore; as night advanced,
No evening song of gratitude or prayer
Arose to speak the thanks or wants of men;
But sounds of drunken revels—guilty joys,
And voice of tyrants thundering their commands
Forth to their helpless slaves were heard throughout.

But there is a silver lining, and it is seen in "The Voices of the Clouds."

Afar in the realms of space we rise
Where the sun eternal reigns,
And we throw the light of a thousand dyes
O'er the wide earth's distant plains.

O'er the teeming earth as on we go
Our course is never in vain,
For we gather the streams of the mountain snow
And we treasure them up again.

And when the north wind's sterile power
Has blighted the landscape o'er,
We shed our stores upon plant and flower,
And the earth is green once more.

The sun beholds our onward march,
And he speeds his fairest ray
To paint on our breast hope's beauteous arch,
Ere we melt in tears away.

Then these two moods, the dark and the bright, unite in the same poem, "The West Wind," which is a splendid descriptive piece:—

I come in my speed from the stormy caves,
Where the wide Pacific swells its waves,
Where the deep blue waters rise and flow,
As my breath o'er the lonely wastes I blow,
And the sea-bird speeds on its lonely wing,
Watching the course of the Ocean King.

Oh! then as the crashing thunders sound,
And the mountains quake and the rocks rebound
As the lightnings dart through the troubled air,
And the world is lit with the dismal glare,
I love on my tempest wing to fly,
And bear the bolts through the rending sky.

There is a patriotic core in his poetic breast that finds expression in "Lines on the Birth of the Prince of Wales." Had he lived in later times he had probably sung strongly a Canadian sentiment:—

Prince of the great! no slave may share
Thy country's genial clime with thee,
Or if he breathes thy native air,
'Tis but to breathe it and be free;
The sun that ever gilds thy grounds,
Sees not a slave within their bounds.

From evil's foul transforming blight—
From slavish errors dang'rous chain—
From private fraud—from open fight—
Uninjur'd be thy future reign,—
First of the mighty, wise and free,
May Heaven protect both thine and thee!

Then he passes from the joy of a birth to the sorrow of a death, and indites some exquisite verses "To P. J. Allan," a young man of his acquaintance who showed much poetic promise, but whose genius was nipped in the bud. Hogg's nature was easily impressed and the loss of a friend affected him seriously and gave true pathos to his verse. He sings of his young friend in a beautiful metaphor.

Thus on some golden flower,
Beneath the night's calm hour
The clustering dew-drops makes their transient stay;
The sun comes forth in light—
They sparkle pure and bright
Then pass on the warm beam to Heaven away.

One of his finest poems, the most thoughtful, polished and impressive, is that entitled "What is God." The sentiment is grand, worthy of a Milton or a Tennyson. It commences as follows:

I asked the brook that wandered o'er
Its sparkling sands in ceaseless play;
Scattering bright flowers along its shore,
And health and verdure on its way;—
Sweet stream! thy course is at His nod,
Say, canst thou tell me "What is God?"

The brook replied: "Full many a day,
I've bounded on my gladsome way;
Mirror'd the clouds—the sun—the sod—
The Spring alone I know as God."

I asked the flowers that reared their forms
'Neath where an aged oak tree grew;
Sheltered alike from sun and storms,
And nurtur'd in the virgin dew
If aught of Him they could express;
Who clothed them in their loveliness?

They answered mild—"The breath of Spring,
The silver brook's sweet murmuring—
And vernal sunbeams wak'd our sod,
But yet we know not what is God."



THE GREAT STIRRING UP AT QUEBEC.

Then he asked the ocean, but it "cannot tell the First Great Cause." Then the planets are questioned and they reply "our centre sun." He turns to the centre suns, but they reply that their beams, though scattered wide, have never found the Eternal. Finally he ends his search and

Vain, Vain Philosophy, I cried,
Leave these delusive hopes behind;
Give o'er thy flight—forego thy pride—
And own thy efforts weak and blind;
Oh, Thou! direct my trembling heart,
To solve the problem, what Thou art.

And with this grand climax, that solution of the problem, the poem concludes:

Kind Heaven attentive heard my prayer,
The sacred page lay open there;
I clasped with hope the treasured prize,
And "God is love" first met my eyes.

St. John, N.B.

W. G. MACFARLANE.

Journalism and Literature.

Professor W. J. Stillman, in a paper on "Journalism and Literature" in the November *Atlantic*, says:—It is truly a grave question for the young man who desires to follow literature and must work for his daily bread how he shall pay his way. I might say, with Dr. Johnson, that "I do not see the necessity;" and in fact the greater, far greater part of those who attempt it do not justify the experiment. But I will suppose that the individual in any one case is justified in devoting his life and all its energies to letters; that his calling is irresistible, or at least so strong that he is willing to do all but starve and freeze to be able to follow it.

Even then I say, with all the energy of a life's experience put into my words, and a knowledge of every honourable phase of journalism to give them weight, do not go on a daily journal unless the literature of a day's permanence satisfies your ambition. Now and then, with the possible frequency of being struck by lightning, you may, as a special correspondent, find a noble cause for which you may nobly give your whole soul,—once it has happened to me; but even this is not literature. Better teach school or take to farming, be a blacksmith or a shoemaker (and no trade has furnished more thinkers than that of the shoemaker), and give your leisure to the study you require. Read and digest, get Emerson by heart, carry Bacon's essays in your pocket and read them when you have to be idle for a moment, earn your daily wages in absolute independence of thought and speech, but never subject yourself to the indignities of reporterism, the waste of life of a special correspondent, or the abdication of freedom of research and individuality of the staff writer, to say nothing of the passions and perversions of partisan politics. That now and then the genius of a man survives all these and escapes above them is not a reason for voluntarily exposing ourselves to the risks of the encounter; and who can tell us how much of the charm of the highest art those successful ones have lost in the experience? For what we get by culture is art, be it on canvas or in letters. Study, fine distinction, the perfection of form, the fittest phrase, the *labor limæ* and the purgation from immaterialities of ornament or fact, and the putting of what we ought to say in the purest, simplest, and permanent form,—these are what our literature must have, and these are not qualities to be cultivated on the daily press. Of no pursuit can it be said more justly than of literature, that "culture corrects the theory of success."

The Methods of University Extension.

If the lecturer be skillful, the hour seems very short, for the feeling is abroad that here is a man thinking out loud and suggesting a whole lot of new thoughts which will make one distinctly the richer. It is a pleasant sensation, recalling the very cream of bygone school days, and it shows itself in rows of flushed and grateful faces. An essential part of the lecture scheme is the printed syllabus, which is supplied at merely nominal price. This gives the systematic outline so needful to the student, yet so uninspiring in the lecture itself. In addition, the syllabus suggests a careful line of home reading in connection with each lecture. The lecturer also gives out one or more questions which are to be answered in writing and mailed to him some time before the next lecture. This home paper work is regarded as of the utmost importance, since it brings out the thought and originality of the student in a way that a simple lecture never could.

When the lecture is over, a class is formed of all those who care to enroll themselves as students, the other hearers withdrawing. The class lasts for about an hour, and also ranks above the lecture in educational importance. It is here that the personal intercourse between lecturer and students comes into play. It is, indeed, very much like the college seminar, and is as conversational in its tone as the bashfulness of the students will allow. The lecturer develops his points a little further, and explains any difficulties that may have arisen. He also uses the occasion to return the written exercises, and makes such criticisms and comments as he thinks best.—From "University Extension," by Prof. C. H. Henderson, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for November.



TORONTO, October 9, 1891.

One of our rising young artists, though born in England, I am told, Mr. F. S. Challeuer, held a sale of a goodly collection of his oils and water colours at Oliver, Coate & Co.'s rooms this week, previous to proceeding to Europe to prosecute his art studies.

One hundred and fourteen pictures made quite a large showing, although many of them were 'bits' of a few inches only. The idea, as I understand it, was to keep prices within means of ordinary buyers. Certainly whoever got any of Mr. Challeuer's paintings got the worth of their money, for all were good. Not all strong, but that will come; the artist is scarcely upon the threshold of his profession yet as regards age, being under twenty five, and I learn from an artist of European name that his profession regard all of their life before thirty as artistically valueless, thrown away, in fact, except in the matter of training. Fruit, flowers, still life, landscape and figures all come within Mr. Challeuer's range, but, if prophesy be allowed, landscape with figures will be his proper development. *The Coming Storm*, *The Village Street* and *Making a Daisy Chain* have this promise in them, the first particularly, the black storm cloud rolling up from the horizon, and the terrified children running home for shelter possessing each its own peculiar power.

What excellent words Henry Irving said at the luncheon given him by the Bristol Liberal Club, a few weeks ago. "I have long ceased to think it necessary to offer any vindication of the stage as a social institution. It plays too large a part in our national life to require an apology. But there is always a stimulus for well directed zeal to make our theatres worthier homes of intelligent entertainment."

We all agree with Mr. Irving in this view, and all long for the time when the theatrical profession shall cease to be looked upon with, to say the least of it, some misgivings as to its moral tone. This will never be until managers cease catering for immoral tastes, which catering in itself relies on immorality in the performers as well as the audience. We do not have much to complain of in this respect in Canada, but there is a tendency to lower the drama by the establishment of cheap theatres, where only cheap—and more than often nasty—performances are put on the boards. This is a trend in the wrong direction, and can only be checked by a resolute determination on the part of an intelligent people to groan it down. An abuse exists only as long as you think it must.

We have scarce comedies enough in our dramatic repertoires. A comedy theatre would be no bad addition; for which Canada might possibly—*probably*—furnish a stock company. She has furnished more than one comedian to the world and we have our own little comedies already written. What do we lack?

A long and strong controversy on "Drinking and Drunkenness," between Dr. Mortimer Granville and his critics in the *London Times*, ended with an editorial in the issue, September 28th, in which the arguments on both sides seem to be fairly summed up. Dr. Mortimer Granville supports the view that alcohol is a necessary addition to human food, at least in the climate of Great Britain. That its entire disuse would enfeeble the vital energy of the race, though perhaps rendering it a little longer-lived. And on this latter statement the *Times* grows very grave. But surely what makes for the shortening of life carries its own stamp on its face, the stamp of death. The truth is one generation of total abstainers set against many of non-abstainers furnishes us sufficient criterion of the benefit of total abstinence from alcohol. Every physiologist, of whichever school, admits that alcohol imprints itself indelibly on the man, both physically and morally, and to expect to be able to deduce irrefragable argument from so unfair a comparison is more than illogical. Heredity is a divine teaching as old as Adam, and cannot be ignored.

The editorial, which is a very fair review of the two sides taken in the controversy, concludes thus: "If alcohol as an article of diet is a good friend but a dangerous enemy, then its use must be determined by the good old rule of temperance strictly applied in accordance with physiological counsel. If, on the other hand, it is always and everywhere an enemy, except in certain therapeutic conditions, to be determined only by medical skill and authority, then all good men, and all who respect themselves, will abandon it altogether, even though the weak and wicked still take it to excess."

The review of the public School Cadets—I do not know that that is their official appellation, but it will do for want of a better—at Queen's Park, on Tuesday, the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights, was a success. The day was cool and bright, the grass in best of order, the trees beautiful, and the crowd attentive, but, as is characteristic of Canadian crowds, quite undemonstrative.

Twenty six of the city school sent each its contingent of forty or fifty cadets, and the companies, some of them wearing maple leaf badges, formed on the ground at 3 o'clock. Soon after the band of the Queen's Own played itself on the ground, and after a little expected waiting, Col. G. T. Denison, G. G. B. G., accompanied by his aide, Capt. Casimir Dickson, rode up and the review began. Sir Adolphe Caron did not attend, no doubt finding the interval between Ottawa and Toronto too great a one to be covered for so slight a cause.

The young soldiers performed their evolutions excellently, their marching, counter-marching, and the difficult 'forming' being very well done indeed. After an hour's steady work the companies were formed into hollow square, and Col. Denison addressed them on the day and their connection therewith. Judging from the cheering at various points of the speech, it must have pleased the lads well, their enthusiasm showing itself in the tossing up of caps on the end of their mock rifles.

Whether Canada ever needs them as defenders or not, these fourteen hundred lads, of all ages from nine to nineteen, are much benefited by the military drill both in carriage and those virtues of a soldier so useful in all conditions of life, obedience, subordination and neatness.

Capt. Thompson looked well on his mettled grey charger, and deserves all praise for the result, as shown on Tuesday, of his labours as drill master.

I am glad to see that the anniversary of Queenston Heights was made the occasion at Orillia of a meeting to take into consideration the formation of a Pioneer and Historical society for the County of Simcoe. Correspondence to that end was ordered with the Ontario Provincial Historical Association, and with several persons known to be in sympathy with such an object. Among them my friend, Dr. Jaheway, of Stayner, whose patriotic verse is not so well and widely known as it ought to be.

The *Empire* this morning gives a sketch of a beautiful life passed away—a pioneer lady of Clinton, Mrs. Frances Laura Mountcastle, who, like Mrs. Moodie, Mrs. Trail and scores of other women of delicate natures, came to Canada while it was all a wilderness, and, with her own hands, assisted to build it up as it is to-day. Heroines these to whom high honors are due.

I see by the prospectus of the new magazine, the *Colonial*, that Seramis's *Ste. Brigitte* is to appear in its first number, to be ready in April, 1892, also Archibald Lampman's *Potato Field*. Canada is proud of the place her poetic children can take in competition with the world.

So few people I have found who know Seramis's Canadian Birthday Book (Blackett, Robinson & Co.) that I may be pardoned for commending it to readers as one of the best anthologies of Canadian poets. Every day in the year has an appropriate quotation of great excellence from our own poets, and but a very few are quoted from twice. This in itself shows the amount of intellectual labour involved in such an extended field of research, and gives us more than a hint of the unknown treasures that have been the possession of Canada from her earliest days.

I must correct an error in my last week's letter where, in speaking of the painting by Major Shrapnel, the statement was made that he was the inventor of the Shrapnel shell, whereas it should have been "the son of."

The *Pucker* kindly informs me that the "Bold Soldier Boy" of Major Shrapnel's canvas is a son of the well-known shipbuilder who constructed the *Royal William*, the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic by steam.

One would like to know more about the building of the *Royal William*.

S. A. CURZON.



MR. J. ISRAEL TARTE, M.P.



Chill October—Hairdressing—Short
Dresses for Muddy Weather—
Dried Leaves for Winter
Use—Another Wrinkle—
—Home-Made Paper
for Asthma.



CHILL October has now fairly set in, and we are beginning to look longingly at our warmer frocks and take out from their summer retreats those we wore last winter, before we put them carefully away in their presses and boxes. What a curious effect time—even a few months—has on the aspect of clothes, and how wonderfully well they look after they have been laid by for a little time. I think it is more useful, whilst giving you the newest fashions, to every now and then point out how dresses may be brought up to that standard that are not freshly made. It is not all of us who are endowed with bottomless purses, and even where wealth is present, and money no object, I think there should be a definite sum put aside for dress, and not exceeded. Money is



so great a responsibility that beyond a reasonable sum, the tricking out of our persons should be the last object on which it should be squandered. But I digress to moralise—please forgive me, and look at the little costume I lately received, as a model from Paris, and in which there is the first touch of autumnal winter in the fur collar and cuffs. This is a pretty way to make a new thick dress, or to do up an old one. Let us suppose that you have a plain-made winter

dress, with tight fitting bodice. By the addition of some other material (if you have none of the same), you may make it look quite a new, different dress. Cut away the front of the bodice, and put in a waistcoat of the new stuff, also a wide band round the hem of the skirt, and puff to the sleeve, using some of the old material for basques (which may be joined at the waist) to the bodice. Some pretty plain or fancy braid may finish off the edges of the old stuff, and with ornamental buttons you have as becoming and new a costume as you can desire. The tiny band of fur is very important if you wish to give what French people call "*chic*" (or style) to it. Just anyone and everyone would not wear this small, though simple, adornment; and it is just this that raises it out of the commonplace in dress.

Hairdressing is rather a difficult thing to write about just now, but as a correspondent lately asked how she should do her hair when turning it up for the first time, I am tempted to tell you all I know about it. I hear from Paris that a modification of the hitherto popular Greek style is vaguely talked of. This is, however, still much worn, but it has received an addition in some curls and twists laid down on the



top of the head. But to show you that almost any style is permissible look at these. The first is that of a celebrated actress, very simply rolled to the back, and two or three pretty combs stuck into it; the second is the usual waved coiffure, with curls fastened at the back of the head; the third is one I saw at a very grand hairdresser's in Regent-street the other day; and the fourth is a favourite style amongst fashionable Americans. Many like to wear the forehead uncovered in France, particularly young girls; but then they take great care to wave the hair elsewhere, for less than ever is it the fashion to wear it flat to the head. But with all this there is no settled fashion at present, and people are left very much to their own devices in the matter.

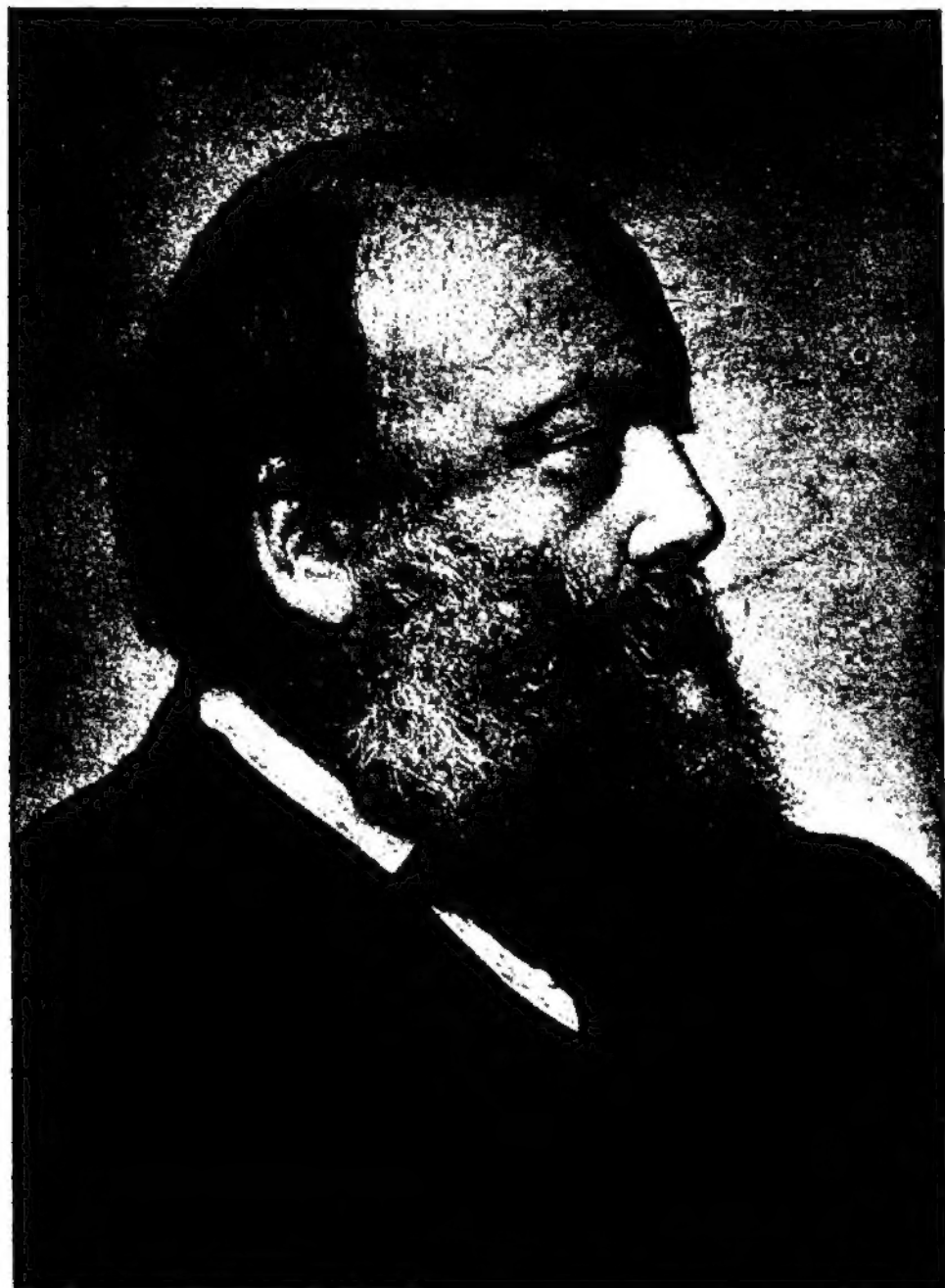
Short dresses for muddy weather is the subject of a letter entitled "Autumn Frocks," in one of our Sunday papers. It is written by some gentleman who is perspicuous and courageous enough to write about women's dress, and its present unsuitability to dirty streets. It is so sensible that I beg your kind permission to quote a little of what he says. "The mud in London, and on its streets is not a credit to the first city in the world certainly. Now I beg to suggest that those ladies who wish to walk, and enjoy comfort in a damp, muddy street—let them lay down a hard and fast rule for themselves. My idea is, therefore, that a lady on such days should wear knickerbockers like a man, strapped below the knee with a skirt over them short enough, say down to the ankle, over the boot, and ankle gaiters of a dark colour. If some didn't like this, let them wear in place of the gaiter, top-boots, which always look extremely neat, (by which, I suppose, is meant the costume) and simple, and not a disfigurement to ladies' beauty and grace, like all the rational dresses they have tried to induce the fair sex to wear. Try it, and I am sure they won't wear anything else, and how is it to be told from an ordinary dress? A great many women complain of cold, but few know the fact that one of the most sensitive parts of the human frame is that between the calf,

and the ankle. This part kept warm and dry on a cold, wet, damp, raw, muddy day prevents many a cold. The gaiter, or top-boot would prevent this. . . . With knickerbockers, one skirt, the outside one, would only be necessary." There is much sense in this, though it is rather incoherent, and I commend strongly to the notice of my kind readers the idea of a special costume for muddy weather, which is much the same in all towns and country places. The mud in town however is more destructive because there is so much more iron in it, from the constant grinding of the cart wheels, and that gives it burning properties that create a worse stain than merely country mire.

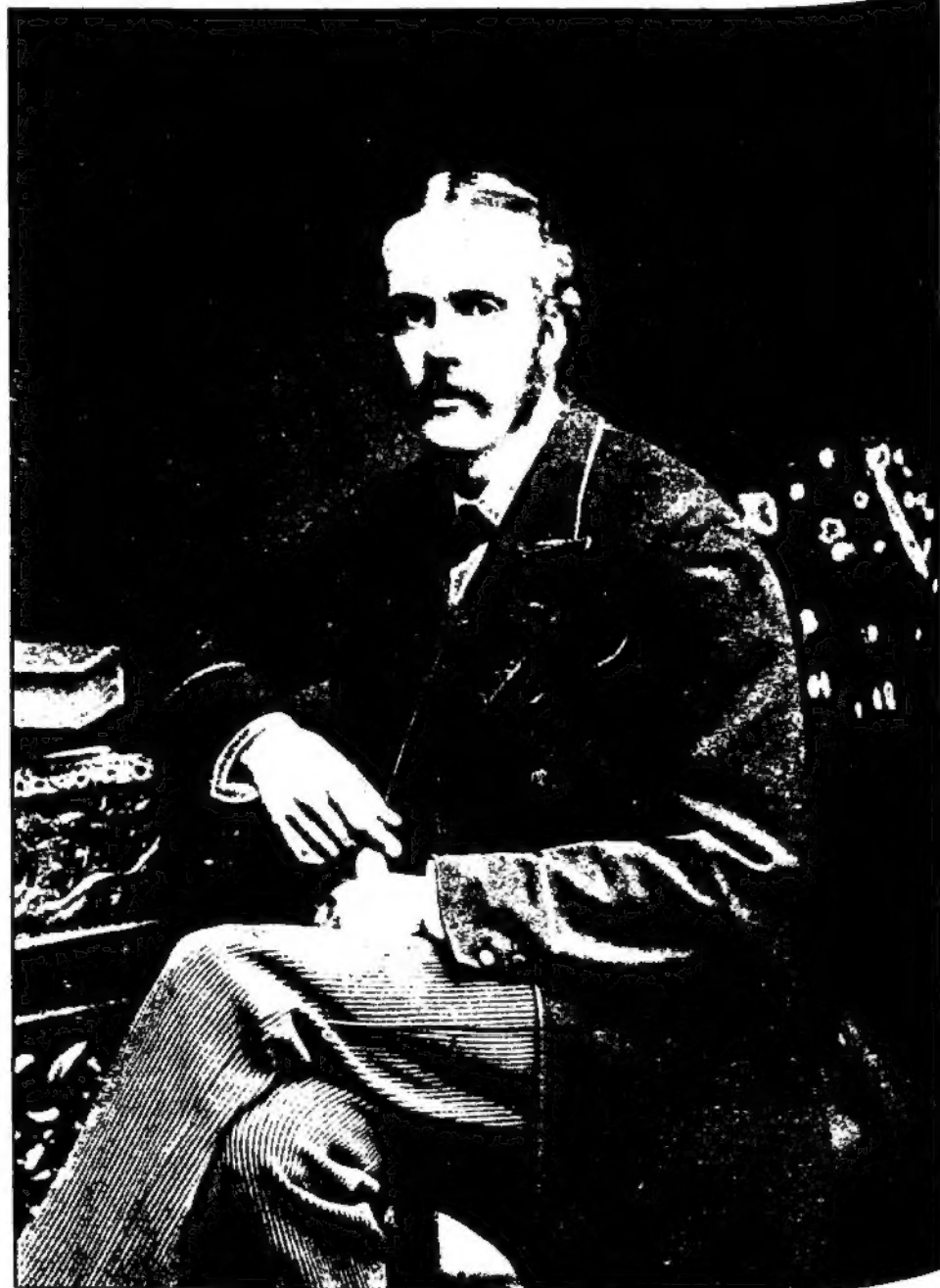
Dried leaves for winter use are things so easily made, and have such a pretty effect that those people who like always to have their rooms and tables look nice, will take care to lay in a store. Have two flat boards, (or bound music books will do as well), and in between them place two or three dozen sheets of blotting paper. When you are out in the woods and fields, choose good unblemished fern leaves, the blackberry leaves that are just turning colour, Virginian creeper and rowan leaves, and indeed any and every kind that you think pretty, also hanging oat-like grasses and others of all kinds. Lay the leaves perfectly flat between the sheets of blotting paper so that each leaf does not touch his neighbour, and then place the boards or books upon them, and on top as many heavy weights or large books as you can pile on to the space. Leave them thus till they are quite dry, and stiff. In drying grasses it is well to brush the seed part lightly over with gum which prevents them shedding; then press them. The same may be done with bulrushes which, of course, cannot be pressed, but they make a terrible mess if the dusty seed of the brown head is allowed to fall, and this is quite prevented by the gum. It is pretty to arrange the dried leaves round the table like a flight of swallows, and makes an easy and welcome brightening to a winter dinner table. Of course ivy is nearly always obtainable, and the climbing variety that clings to trees looks nicely when arranged in long tails, in and out of the dessert dishes; ferns and lycopodiums may also be added to the lists. Ribbon of a gay colour may be daintily wound amongst the greenery laid on the table. Even if one is fortunate enough to be able to procure flowers, a ribbon of bright contrasting tint cleverly arranged round the glasses that contain them greatly enhances the effect, particularly if the vases and lamps or candle-shades can be all of the same colour. This makes into one complete decoration what would be otherwise but a scattered ornamentation.

Another wrinkle that is useful to remember, besides making and laying away for winter use, is putting by—or rather beginning now to put by a few pennies or shillings if you can afford them—for Christmas presents. I do not understand a home where there are several members of a family, and where the day that should be celebrated happily, is taken little if any notice of. I think it is a positive duty to make Christmas a specially happy time to children. The remembrance of it lasts all through their lives, and many a young life that through the troubles and vicissitudes of the world, meets with sorrow, in after years enjoys the remembrance of the "dear old times at home," when Christmas brought them all together, and every one had a gift, however humble, as a souvenir of the glad day. Now it is not always easy, especially for housekeepers and young girls, who have certain allowances of money to draw heavily at a moment's notice on their purses, however self-denying they may be; so I recommend them to put by something weekly, even if it is only sixpence or a few pennies, and let it go on accumulating till near Christmas time. You will then have quite a respectable little sum to lay out on the particular things you know your children and home people most want. Next to the children, I think that Christmas ought to be made most happy to the servants of one's household. Just think of it. They are away from their homes, and not a familiar face near them, and if they behave well, and do their duty, I think they too should be able to look back with pleasure to the Christmas they spent under our roof.

Home-made paper for asthma is such a comforting and useful thing that I am tempted to tell you how to make it. Get from your chemist a quarter of a pound of refined powdered white nitre. Dissolve it in half-a-pint of hot water, till it is all taken up in the solution; then pour it into a large flat dish, previously warmed. Cut into the size of writing paper, sheets of the common blue paper used by grocers for wrapping up sugar. Pass them lightly through the liquid on both sides. Then dry these sheets quickly before the kitchen fire. When required for bad cough or asthma burn one piece around the patient's bed or chair in this way, namely, put a corner of the blue paper to the candle, and the burning will instantly fizz and spread, with much smoke. Hold a plate underneath to catch the ashes, which should be as black as a coal. For those who suffer from bronchitis it is a good thing to drop a little ether, or some of the medicine that is usually given for its cure, into boiling water, and let them inhale it. A kettle should also be kept in their bedroom sufficiently near the fire to keep it constantly boiling. To the spout of this a common long tube of tin should be affixed, so as to send the steam well out into the room.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.
LEADER OF THE GOVERNMENT IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Lord Salisbury.

The manner in which England's Premier has united and held together the sometime conflicting forces which have enabled him to retain the leadership of the Government since 1886, prove him to be possessed of the arts of a skilful politician; while the respect he has won for himself at home and for his country abroad, by his general policy, prove that he is no less lacking in the gifts of statesmanship. He is the third Marquis of Salisbury, and was born in the year 1830. His education was received at Eton and Christ Church College, Oxford. As Lord Robert Cecil he entered parliament in 1853, for the family borough of Stamford. In 1866 he was appointed Secretary of State for India in Lord Derby's ministry. He was then Lord Cranbourne, a title he assumed on the death of his brother. Being opposed to the extension of the franchise as proposed, he became separated from his colleagues, but on his entry to the House of Lords as Lord Salisbury on his father's death, in 1867, he returned to his old associations. He at once took rank in the Lords as one of the ablest debaters, and was recognized as an authority on Indian and foreign affairs. He was Secretary for India under Disraeli, from 1874 to 1878. In 1876 he was sent to Constantinople to take part in the conference on Russo-Turkish affairs, and later he went with Beaconsfield to the Berlin Congress, as one of England's plenipotentiaries. From 1878 to 1880 he was Foreign Secretary, and after Beaconsfield's death in 1880 became the recognized leader of the Conservative party. When the Gladstone ministry resigned in 1885, Lord Salisbury was called upon to form a new ministry, and did so, but it was defeated on the Allotments question immediately after the November elections. The Liberals came in, but on the 8th of the following June the Home Rule Bill buried them under a majority of thirty, and the general elections that followed returned the Conservatives to power, and Salisbury to the premiership. Her Majesty the Queen paid Lord Salisbury the honour of being his guest at Hatfield House for a short time during her jubilee year. His Lordship was an occa-

sional contributor to the *Quarterly Review* in his younger days, and in 1864 was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He is greatly devoted to scientific pursuits, especially experimental physics, and spends much time in his laboratory at Hatfield. He has lately interested himself in the application of electricity to practical purposes on his estates. His labours and policy as the First Minister of the Crown is a matter of every day record and need not be referred to here.

Mr. Balfour.

The selection of Mr. Balfour to succeed the late Hon. W. H. Smith in the Conservative leadership of the English Commons is another great step in a parliamentary career that has attracted attention not in England alone, but throughout the world. As Chief Secretary for Ireland, he became the target of a criticism of the most vigorous and irritating character; but, endowed with an iron will and an apparently utter indifference to all attacks from his opponents, he pursued his line of policy with persistence to the end. However much they may denounce his policy, those who fought his measures so bitterly have at least learned to respect the man. The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., P.C., F.R.S., was born in 1848, and educated at Eton and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge. He entered parliament in 1874, and sat as member for Hertford until 1885, when he was elected for East Manchester, which he still represents in the House. His mother is a sister of Lord Salisbury, and the young man acted as his uncle's private secretary during the critical period of 1878-80, when the Berlin Treaty was negotiated. On entering parliament he acted for a time with the "Fourth Party." In 1885 he was appointed President of the Local Government Board in Lord Salisbury's first administration, and the next year, after the elections had returned the party to power, he acted for a time as Secretary for Scotland. Shortly afterwards he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. He introduced in 1886 the celebrated "Crimes Act," and when it became law

resolutely devoted himself to its enforcement. His position was not a bed of roses at this time, but he proved equal to the task to which he had set himself, and at the same time developed a debating talent that gave him rank among the leaders of the House. One of the most striking incidents connected with his Irish policy was his personal visit last November to some of the famine stricken districts in Ireland and the adoption of measures for the relief of the people. Such an act as this on the part of "Bloody Balfour" denoted more than mere courage or bravado, and he was heartily received by the Irish people. Mr. Balfour is more than a politician. He is a gifted author, is Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, and an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh and Cambridge. He has written "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," which attracted wide attention. On musical subjects he has also written valuable articles. Lastly, it may be noted that he takes great interest in golf, and has written ably on that subject also. Mr. Balfour is still a comparatively young man, and seems destined yet to play a distinguished part in the drama of British and European politics.

The Bric-a-Brac Hunter.

Bric-a-brac hunting is a chase ever full of excitement, of exercise, of keen emotions—such as hope, anticipation and surprise; it is not staled by age, or sated by long indulgence. To the very last moment of his life an ardent collector may taste these joys, even if he realises that his heir will bring the priceless collection to the hammer as soon as the breath is out of his body. For, strangely enough, the son rarely shares his father's hobby, or appreciates the things it has been the pleasure of a lifetime to collect. Like the miser who saves up his money and never reckons what that money would bring. Gold alone affords him infinite satisfaction, and the hobby-hunter thinks less of the use of his collection than of the pleasure it gives him to collect.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

FOR those who take an interest in amateur sport, the most interesting topic at the present time is the visit of Lord Hawke's team of cricketers. The visitors' progress through the States has been regarded closely by most Canadians (especially imported ones) with a feeling very much akin to homesickness. For, after all, it is the old game, the one we used to play at school even before we got hackled into something like submission or insensibility on the Rugby field. The form shown by the visitors since their arrival has dispelled all doubt as to their capability. There has been but one defeat put down to their credit and then it was in the American home of cricket, the Quaker City, that beat them. Since then the Englishmen have had things pretty much their own way. Their trip through the States has been, with one exception, a succession of victories. After a series of five games with the cricketers of the eastern district of the United States, the visitors took a turn in the wild and woolly west, where they do play some cricket, but where they would much prefer the more nervous and short-lived game of baseball. A summary of the work done in the east will be interesting to those who figure on cricket possibilities, the average, so to speak, being somewhat above the average, Lord Hawke and Mr. Hewett taking the foremost positions. Wreford-Brown, C. W. Wright and K. J. Key all get over 20, while all the bowling honours go pretty well to Woods, although Hornsby did great work at Boston and Baltimore. The following table shows the average for the eastern series:—

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Most in an Inn'gs.	Runs.	Average.
Lord Hawke.....	8	0	76	306	38.25
H. T. Hewett.....	9	0	113	310	34.44
C. Wreford-Brown....	9	1	72	324	28.00
C. W. Wright.....	9	0	69	227	25.22
K. J. Key.....	9	2	50*	159	22.71
S. M. J. Woods.....	9	0	92	156	17.33
Hon. H. Milles.....	8	0	44	82	10.25
G. W. Hillyard.....	7	2	21	51	10.20
Lord Thrawley.....	9	2	23	70	10.00
I. H. J. Hornsby.....	9	0	26	88	9.77
G. W. Ricketts.....	8	2	18	56	9.33
K. McAlpine.....	6	2	10	29	7.25

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
I. H. J. Hornsby.....	335	30	90	16	5.62
S. M. J. Woods.....	826	66	353	53	6.66
G. W. Ricketts.....	60	2	34	2	17.00
C. Wreford-Brown....	640	50	261	15	17.40
G. W. Hillyard.....	240	17	105	5	21.00
Hon. H. Milles.....	176	5	131	3	43.66

In the Philadelphia game, the visitors' win was not such a remarkable performance, when it is considered that the Brotherly Love citizens won their first match by eight wickets and the return was only reversed by four wickets. But a great deal of this may be put down to the credit of a recent ocean trip and the differences in the ground. When they got their land legs on and tackled weaker teams, although outnumbered on the field they had a comparatively easy time. In the New York game the sixteen representing Gotham had a narrow shave, and it was one of the few times when a cricketer blesses the advent of rain, for it was just rain that saved the New Yorkers from defeat, and left them with the doubtful honour of a draw. Great things were expected from the old Longwood team in Boston, although no longer carrying that proud cricket name. The two Wrights, mainstays of cricket in the Hub, were on the team, but between both of them they only managed to make one run in two innings. The score was a lamentable one for the Bostonians. Both sides played their two innings and here is the result:—Lord Hawke's team, 297; Boston, 55. What a fall for the Beaneaters! It had been scheduled that an All Massachusetts match should have been played, but the result was discouraging and the visitors left immediately for the West. In Chicago the Englishmen had another pic-nic.

The Chicagoans were easily let down with a beating to the tune of an inning and 90 runs, and from thence they strayed to Niagara Falls.

The new rules adopted by the Quebec Rugby Union have now had a trial in three first class matches, between Bishops' College and McGill, Montreal and McGill, and Britannia and McGill. A good many of the players do not seem to have yet worked themselves into close acquaintance with some of the changes, but on the whole the result has been satisfactory, and as there are a couple of matches booked with Ontario clubs as soon as the regular Quebec season is over, the new method will relieve the referee of considerable trouble. From the way in which McGill began the season it looked very much as if they were going to retain the senior championship. The match with Lennoxville was an easy mark for them, and they still came out ahead in the closely fought struggle with Montreal; but when the Brits came along they suffered a most unmistakeable defeat. McGill has depended a good deal on the back division, which played like clockwork and somewhat outclassed the Montrealers, whose strength was in the rush line in that respect. But the Brits were equally strong behind. Arnton was a little more than a match for Goulet, while the forwards had some advantage. The Collegians seem to miss the presence of Hamilton, who, perhaps, did more to bring the McGills to the proud position of last year than any other man, and it was due in a great measure to his enthusiasm and hard work that the team held together so well and showed such excellent form on the field. There is still one more chance for the College men to retrieve their lost honours. On Saturday the Montrealers will play the Britannias, and on the following Saturday McGill will play the winners. From the form shown last Saturday, to my mind, it seems that the Britannia Club have a very good chance of holding on to the championship for the balance of the season.

After a lacrosse season that has been anything but brilliant, the end will come in the shape of a match between Montreal and Cornwall for the championship. At the beginning of the season it was generally understood that the winners in both series were to play off. When this proposition was made the Cornwalls would hear of nothing but a new series of three matches, which the Montrealers would not consider at all, and the matter was dropped, but when the Factory Town players saw they could not have everything their own way they came down a little from their high horse and condescended to have their chances rest on a single game. It is almost a pity that a club like Montreal should have considered the matter at all after the way it has been treated all through by the Cornwalls, and this is the more important when the lamentable fiasco of two weeks ago on the Shamrock Grounds is thought of. Another thing which is easily explained, but which explanation many people will be loth to receive, is the fact that although the match is to be played on the M.A.A.A. Grounds, members' tickets are not available. It will appear to show a greater anxiety for the flesh pot of big gate receipts than for the honour of being styled champions. The Montrealers challenge the Cornwalls, and the latter hire the M.A.A.A. Grounds. This is a piece of generosity on the part of Cornwall that was hardly to be expected. If it were a mere championship both sides were seeking after, why did not the challenged force the challenger to play on the home grounds in Cornwall? Still another point. Arranging this match will deprive both the Britannia and Montreal Football Clubs of a good player each on a day when they are struggling for a genuine championship. The Britannias will miss Paterson, and the Montrealers will be minus the services of Baird, and possibly Louison. This is hardly fair to the Rugby men, but lacrosse recently seems to have been run more in the spirit of selfishness than of fair play.

In the district championship series there is another stumbling block in the way, and one that is likely to prevent the provincial championship being played for this season. The Orientals and St. Gabriels happen to be tie on games won, but the St. Gabriels have a drawn game to their credit against a lost one for the Orientals. Now a drawn game is better than a lost one every day in the week, and the protest to the N.A.L.A. presented by the Orientals is not in the best of taste. With the usual circumlocution of the N.A.L.A. it will be some time before the matter is decided, and no matter who is declared district champion, it will be too late in the year to play off for the provincial championship. It

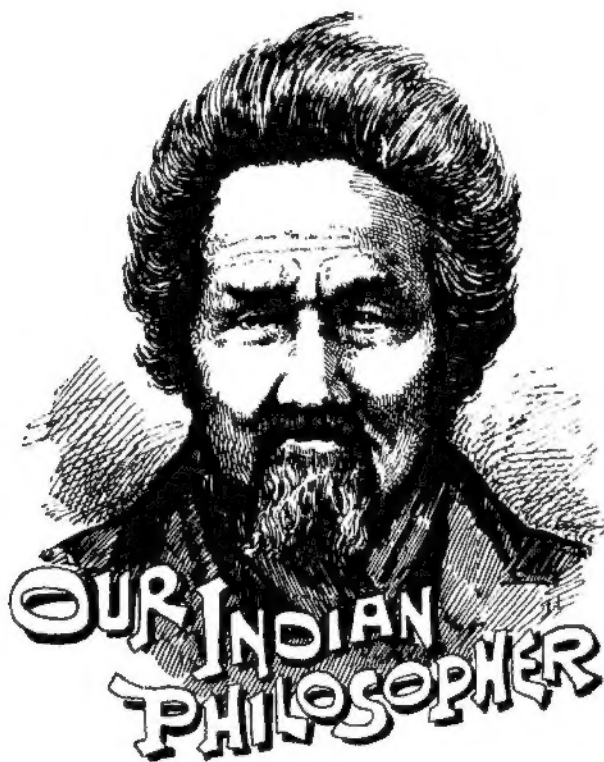
is a fitting wind up to a season of lacrosse that has not been particularly creditable.

The past few weeks have been phenomenal ones in the history of horsemanship. Take the sensational price given for St. Blaise, the great race between Nelson and Allerton, and finally the wonderful performance of Sunol. These three things alone afford horsemen food for conversation and speculation for several weeks to come. But the greatest of these is Sunol. It was on July 30, 1885, at Cleveland, O., that Maud S. astonished the trotting world by going a mile in 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$. It was on October 20, 1891, that Sunol wrested the crown from the queen of the turf and chipped half a second off the record. Senator Stanford bred Sunol. She is by Electrician, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Green Mountain; her dam being Waxana, by Gen. Benton, and his grand-dam the thoroughbred mare Waxy. It was in 1888 that Sunol astonished the trotting world for the first time, and she has kept on astonishing it pretty well ever since. Previous to this time the two-year old record was held by Wildflower, 2.21, and was thought to be unbeatable, but Sunol lopped off three seconds, and horsemen were in turn surprised the other day when Arion, by Electioneer, a two-year old, went the mile in 2.15 $\frac{1}{4}$, while at Terra Haute Monbars, by Eagle Bird—Lady Maud, equalled Sunol's time of 2.18. As a three-year old the reigning queen of the turf started in three races and was beaten by Lilian Wilkes in one of them. At this time Atell held the three-year old record, 2.12, and on November 9th, at San Francisco, she was started against time to beat that mark. The old man with the scythe was beaten and the record lowered by a second and a half, where it stays to the present time, and is also the mark for four-year olds. When Mr. Robert Bonner purchased Sunol from Senator Stanford the mare was still left in charge of Charles Marvin at Palo Alto. Ever since her recent trial at Stockton, when she covered the mile in 2.10, and it was understood that she was shortly to be sent to beat Maud S.'s record, the eyes of the world have been upon her. She was subjected to the most careful course of preparation that ever fell to the lot of an animal, and on Tuesday she proved herself the greatest trotter in the world. Without a skip she went to the first quarter in 31 $\frac{1}{4}$, and to the half in 1.04; here she was joined by a running mate; at the three-quarter pole the time was 1.37, and when she reached the wire six watches stopped at 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Maud S.'s great record was wiped out.

There is another dangerous opponent in the field in the shape of Nancy Hawks (2.09), but it is not at all likely that the daughter of Happy Medium and Nancy Lee will attempt to better her mark this season. Nancy has had a phenomenal career. In her first race she lost the first heat and won the next two. That is the only heat she ever lost in her life. This was at Harrodsburg, in July, 1889. During this year she took part in seven races and won them all. As a four-year old, however, she started in six races and won them all in straight heats. The wonderful part of this performance was that in each of those races she did better than 2.20, and the last heat was always the fastest. The question now is:—Has the limit of her speed been reached? Doble says it has not. Previous to August last, the fastest heat ever trotted in a race was 2.13, by Palo Alto, but Nancy Hawks, racing against Margaret S. and Allerton, beat this figure in all three heats, and in September last at Richmond, Ind., she finished the mile in 2.09. With Allerton and Sunol and Nancy Hawks in the field it is a question where the mark will go to before long.

And so the Fifth Royal Scots are to be bonneted. Well, they deserve it, and the friends of the battalion hope the men will have their expensive head-dress before the killed regiment in Toronto gets into its new uniform. It is with the idea of raising this fund that military steeplechases will be given at Blue Bonnets on Saturday. The programme consists of five races, and has been arranged with a view to give the affair a decidedly military aspect, and all friends of good racing and the gallant Highlanders will no doubt assist by their presence.

Dr. Wesley Mills has written a very interesting pamphlet on "How to Keep a Dog in the City." To all who are naturally fond of the dog and whose surroundings are somewhat limited, this pamphlet will be very valuable, and if the suggestions made are carried out the man who can't keep a dog in the city don't deserve to have one.



The Sagamore



THE sagamore was putting his wigwam in shape for winter weather, but readily agreed to desist for a time and share a pipe with the reporter beside the cheery camp-fire.

"Man," observed the reporter with a vigorous puff, "is an enigma."

"What's 'nigma?" queried the other.

"An enigma," rejoined the reporter, "is something you can't understand off hand. For instance, it's an enigma to me why you are still permitted to live—There! There! I merely suggested that as an illustration. You may put down that club,—Thanks, I see you understand now. But I'll give you another illustration. I don't know that I have mentioned it to you, but for some time past I have had an idea of changing my occupation. I'd like to be in a bank. The other day I went to a bank manager and told him so—told him I wanted a situation. Then I spent nearly an hour talking about bank scandals. I said the great and crying need of the world, and especially the banking world, was honest men. I said there was hardly a day but the papers told about some bank officials running away with funds. I said I was shocked beyond expression by the frequent and glaring evidences of fraud, speculation and downright thievery constantly coming to light. It made me blush for humanity. The time had come for a radical change. We must turn the rascals out. The time had come for honesty to assert itself. After talking in this strain, as I said, for nearly an hour, I repeated my application for a position in the bank."

"Ah hah," encouragingly commented the sagamore, as the reporter paused for breath.

"And what do you suppose," said the latter, raising his forefinger impressively, "that bank manager did?"

"Give you some kicks?" queried Mr. Paul.

"No—not that—but—would you believe it?—He asked me for my references!"

"What's references?"

"Certificates of character. Letters from people to show that I had been honest myself in the past," cried the indignant reporter.

"Well?" said the sagamore.

"Well!" scornfully repeated his visitor—"What do you think of a man who would do a trick like that?"

"Showed he got some sense," replied the sagamore.

"Sense!" ejaculated the other. "After all I'd said to him? After what I said about the effect of revelations of fraud upon my moral fibre? After almost swamping the dictionary in my use of adjectives to fitly designate the rascality of rogues and my utter horror at the dishonesty and thievery that are daily being brought to light?"

"Ah hah," composedly rejoined the sagamore.

"Then you think, too, that before he gave me a chance to handle the funds of the bank he ought to take my past record into consideration—do you?"

"Ah hah."

"This country," said the reporter, as he got up and shook the dust of the wigwam from his feet, "is going to the devil as fast as it can get there."

N.B.—The above dialogue has no relation whatever to political affairs in Canada at the present time. It has no reference to anything at all. Let no man be deceived.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]



THE Hon. Buckthorn Blazer, whose portrait appears this week, is a man who deserves much at the hands of his country. Many a man who deserved less has been hanged on the spot. They were rare old times in the Sierra region when Buckthorn Blazer was born. His childhood was spent in and around a mining camp; and the rough men loved him, and taught him to chew and swear. Even to this day the Hon. Mr. Blazer recalls with pleasure many strange and stirring incidents of that happy bygone time, when life beneath the shadow of the great Sierra peaks was one long avenue of joy to his resourceful nature. To torture a captive grizzly cub, to dose the miners' food with some unsavory decoction, to make hideous grimaces at the Indians



who loitered about the camp, and play tricks upon the squaws and papposes—in short, to exercise his ingenuity in every possible way to make the weather warm for those around him filled the mind and nerved the arm of Buckthorn Blazer, jr. These striking attributes of the boy remain to the man, and those who chance to fall in with the Hon. Buckthorn Blazer generally wish they had not done so. Whether the game is poker or another it is all the same to him. His hand is equally skilled in all these and in the use of the revolver. He has few enemies. Some persons might have developed such a feeling had they lived—but they are dead. The Hon. Mr. Blazer still lives in the west, having always scorned the notion of some people that the east is the centre of culture and advanced civilization. He has many times been invited to go east, but invariably refused; just as he has been known, with equal indifference to fame, to decline to come forward, even when invited by

a deputation of citizens headed by the sheriff and other notables, to appear upon the stage for their delectation. Though slightly past his prime, the eye of the Hon. Mr. Blazer is as keen and his hand as true as when he first felt called upon to defend his honour by shooting a man who had called him a "cheat" at cards. He had cheated, but what man of honour would allow another to impute a dishonest motive in such a case? Not a Canadian politician, and not the Hon. Buckthorn Blazer. Buckthorn Blazer lives,—his detractor died and is forgotten. Let not the lesson pass unheeded. In conclusion it is only necessary to add that the Hon. Mr. Blazer is highly esteemed by all who know him, and the more biographical sketches of such men the Canadian newspapers can unload on the public palate through the medium of "boiler plate" the better for the country and for the reputation for enterprise and energy which those journals will surely win.

Limitation of a Theory.

Ethel—"After marriage we two shall be one, shan't we, George?"

George—"Theoretically, though I doubt if they will make out the board bill that way."—*New York Sun.*

The Intelligent Foreigner Writes English.

In an hotel not one hundred miles from the top of the Rigi (writes Mr. Richard Edgcumbe in *Notes and Queries*), the following announcement gives great satisfaction: "Mist'ers the venerable voyagers are advertised that when the sun him rise a horn will be blowed." That announcement sufficiently prepares the visitor for the following entry in the wine list: "In this hotel the wines leave the traveller nothing to hope for."

At the Club.

Cholly (with unwonted enthusiasm)—"By jove! I see that some fellow has introduced a bill into the State Senate making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to anyone. Deuced clever law that. I'll have my tailor sent up for six months, by jove."—*Life.*

A Proverb.

A proverb man must not forget,
And daily should repeat:
A corn upon the cob is worth
Six dozen on the feet

—*New York Herald.*

HYPOTHESIS—Judge—"How old are you, madam?"

Witness—"I've seen 18 summers."

Judge—"And 18 winters—36, Mr. Clerk."—*New York Press.*

Mixed.

A man went to a certain railway station to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously. "Does this train go to Morrow?" asked the man, coming up to the ticket office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the line, with steam up and every indication of speedy departure. "No; it goes to-day," replied the clerk, curtly. He thought the man was "trying to be funny," as the saying goes. "But," rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow to-day?" "No, it goes yesserday, the week after next," said the other, sarcastically. "You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave a warning toot; "I want to go to Morrow." "Well, then," said the clerk, sternly, "why don't you go to-morrow, and not come bothering here to-day? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window." "But, my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, "it is important I should be in Morrow to-day, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to-day—" At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened to appear, and straightened matters in less than a minute. The clerk apologized, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow that day.